

ZION'S HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION.
36 Bromfield Street, Boston,
A. S. WEED, PUBLISHER.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.
EDWARD A. MANNING, Assistant.

37 All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
colony.

Price \$2.50. Payable in Advance.

Specimen Copies Free.

Vol. LII.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1875.

No. 30.

ZION'S HERALD.

ADVERTISING RATES.

First Insertion (Agate matter), per line, 25 cents	
Each continued insertion, " " " "	20 "
Three months, 13 insertions, " " " "	16 "
Six months, 26 " " " "	15 "
Twelve months, 52 " " " "	14 "
Business Notices, " " " "	25 "
Reading, " " " "	50 "

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ment.

ALONZO S. WEED,

Publishing Agent,
36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

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WE MEET TO DAY, BUT NOT THE SAME.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

We meet to-day, as last we met,
From far and near, to praise and pray;
Above, the same blue vault is set;
Around, the same green branches play.

The same in purpose and in aim,
The same in song and holy words,
As changeless as that changeless Name,
The Name by heaven and earth adored.

The same, but not the same we meet;
The grass will wither, flowers decay,
And human forms and voices sweet,
Like early blossoms, pass away.

No more with angel tongue, no more
Shall Eddy lead our faith sublime;
And useless falls the pen of Lore
In fragments on the march of time.

And yet they lead more truly now
Than ever they led their armor down;
The laurel on the victor's brow
Is pledge of an eternal crown.

So let it be. From strength to strength,
With joy and everlasting song,
Shall every soul redeemed at length
Come up to God, a blood-washed throng!
Round Lake, July, 1875.

THE FUNDAMENTAL REVELATION.

BY REV. HENRY W. WARREN, D. D.

God was about to appear to a whole
nation at once, gathered about the foot
of Sinai. He had only spoken to indi-
viduals before. After a preparation of
four hundred years he was about to ap-
pear, for the only time in the world's
history, in this manner. What will he
say? What voice shall come from the
trembling, lightning-guarded mountain
throne? Will he draw the curtain
from the beginning of creation? or lift
it up, that we may see the end? Will
he map out courses of study that shall
solve the questions of physics? No.
He has brought up this people for a
grand mission—not less than the per-
fect development of their natures, and
through them the reformation of the
world. No army ever had such gigantic
enterprises on their hands. He will
therefore give plans for the develop-
ment of the individual to its highest
possible perfection, and for the equip-
ment of the nation with the greatest
possible power.

We are interested to see what facul-
ties He will address. Will His infinite
wisdom come to the reason? Will He
make clear His dealings, explain the
grounds of action, clear up darkness,
dissipate mysteries, and say, because
you know clearly ye will do this? No.
Hark! that loud-sounding trumpet that
thrills the millions, announces the
Speaker. Its first words are, "thou
shalt." There is no appeal to reason;
it is absolute command. There is no
explanation; it is the utterance of su-
preme authority. The sound of the
first commandment dies away.

How will He lend His almighty
power to body forth man's imagination,
till He shall, by these creations, learn
His own greatness? The sound of the
trumpet and the voice of instruction is
heard the second time, "thou shalt."
Will He show how much more fruit-
ful and joyful are certain lines of think-
ing and courses of conduct, and make
men see the good that will follow? A
third time the voice breaks on the
startled air, "thou shalt."

Will He next appeal to their sense of
beauty? will He come alluringly in
the beautiful flower? will He cover
His mountain and cloud with rain-
bows? will He marshal His angel
choirs for a concert on the earth? will
He bring down the "golden city," and
open its dazzling beauties till they
shall lead men to the grandest life?
No; it is the thunder of commandment
yet.

Will He appeal to their appreciation

of the sublime? bid those men, nur-
tured on the sandy plains, look on those
high and rugged mountains, especially
that one quivering under the might of
His footsteps? Will He lead them out
under the solemn stars of a clear east-
ern sky, and ask them if they can guide
Arcturus and his sons, bring forth
Orion, or bind the sweet influence of
the Pleiades? Will He put a telescope
in every hand, or make every eye far
sighted enough to climb up the lofty
spirals of the distant congeries of flam-
ing worlds? Again the voice utters
its word; but it is only authority—
clear, naked commandment yet.

Will He now appeal to their grati-
tude, recite the merces of the past,
the undeserved favors, call up the
former life of slavery, the great deliv-
erance of the Red Sea, the daily feed-
ing, and thus bind men by the ties that
even animals acknowledge and feel?
Still rings the short, sharp, explosive
syllables, "thou shalt."

Will He now strive to make love,
woo tenderly with words of grace,
strive to take hold of human hearts,
appeal to their affections? No! no!
"Thou shalt" still rings, in unvarying
monotony, till the end of all utterance;
and with simply this, and nothing
more, God's utterances to the nation
cease. The mighty voice dies in ling-
ering echoes among the mountain cliffs.
The one interview between God and a
nation is closed, and nothing but su-
preme authority is once mentioned.
He leaves the beauty of earth and sky
to do their work; leaves mountains,
suns and stars to utter their sublime
voices; leaves reason to find out laws,
and the expediency of observing them;
leaves imagination to take its flights,
and suggest, by its creations, its like-
ness to the Creator of all things; leaves
gratitude to acknowledge every favor,
and recognize the Giver; leaves love
to hunger after love divine, and find a
full supply; but God knows, and we
know, that none nor all of these things
ever made a man what God designed
him to be.

This record is written in every line
of human history, and in every individ-
ual experience. Something more must
be added. Possibility is unnoticed.
Obligation must be urged. Expedi-
ency of pleasure and profit is neglected,
and hence authority must demand obedi-
ence. Gratitude soon cloy of giv-
ing thanks; love turns to lower and
unworthy objects. The thunders of
omnipotence must announce the great
principles of duty that hold, with un-
relaxing fingers, and bind the soul to
law. Let this question of perfect obedi-
ence be once settled; let the will
once thoroughly subordinate itself to
law; let duty be lifted to a throne of
power; and then reason may seek to
understand and succeed. Expediency
may see that godliness is gain; the
soul may sun itself in beauty, and as-
cend the heights of the sublime; then
gratitude will have a legitimate influ-
ence, and love find its home in infinite
love. But the fundamental principle
of all revelation is the duty of obedi-
ence, strong as that which held Leon-
idas to his post, and obligation to God
unswerving as gravitation.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN MEXICO.

BY REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

We do not mean to ignore our twelve
Spanish congregations, already estab-
lished in Mexico, and yet we claim in a
certain sense this title for our new
church in Mexico. Our reason is be-
cause it is the first Methodist Episcopal
church in the Republic that has been
built from the ground up. Trinity
church, Mexico City, was once part of
the Convent of San Francisco; the walls
of our church in Puebla, could they
speak, would tell the terrible deeds of
the Inquisition; while in all other points
of our mission we worship in our own
hired houses.

Mixcoac is truly a beautiful place,
and looks always like spring. There are
few prettier scenes than we have
from the top of our chapel. If Bishop
Haven were here he would write you
from the roof a most racy letter con-
cerning the bold, rugged mountains
rising up behind the town, the sub-
lime, perpetually snow-capped Ixtac-
hual and Popocatepetl, off in the dis-
tance, with the lovely valley between
the two. We should surely expect him
to ask us if we built that flat roof for
such purposes. While the Bishop
would be welcome to make such use of
the church, his enthusiasm would not
be all scenic; he would manifest great-
est interest in the true design of the
building, and inquire earnestly con-
cerning its history. He would be an-
swered somewhat as follows:—

In January last we received a com-
munication from this place, signed by
nineteen men, nearly all heads of fami-
lies, stating their desire to unite with
the Methodist Episcopal Church, and
petitioning for the establishment of our
services in their midst. The inability
to rent a suitable hall for this purpose,
owing in part to the fanaticism of the

place, seemed likely at one time to be
a serious difficulty in our way; but the
more we saw and talked with the rep-
resentatives of those nineteen families,
the less inclined we felt to neglect
them. They wanted Gospel privileges,
and for those privileges they pleaded
with us. For a marvelously small
sum a chapel could be built of sun-
dried bricks. What else could we
do, especially when one of the native
brethren offered to donate a fine build-
ing lot? The suggestion was heaven-
born, and Heaven-to-day looks down on
its completion.

We dedicated on Sunday, May 30th.
Over two hundred people were there,
filling every seat, the aisle, the edge of
the platform, and the doorway. The
service which followed the singing of
the hymn,—

"Glory to Thee, divine Jesus,"

consisted of the form from our Dis-
cipline (save that referring to trust-
tees), a brief address by the writer on
the mission of Methodism to Mexico,
and a rousing sermon by our native
preacher on the adaptation of the Gos-
pel of Christ to every creature. The
order was perfect, the congregation at-
tentive, and the occasion inspiring—
most particularly so to us, as we sat
in that pulpit, looking over that eager
congregation, beginning to walk, as
they are, in the light of a pure Chris-
tianity; and our heart was full of feel-
ing as our faith led us to the day
when these people shall know its
power.

THE PARSONAGE.

On the end of the chapel we have
built two rooms, which, as a parsonage,
makes a practical adjunct to the first
Methodist Episcopal church of Mexico.
Said parsonage is occupied to-day by a
convert from Rome's priesthood, con-
verted during that general Protestant
movement in this country which fol-
lowed the distribution of the Word of
God by colporteurs, who traveled in
the line of the American army in 1848.

Doctor, you ought to see what a fine
mission property we have there. I can
assure you that in the eyes of Mixcoac
Methodism it looks as grand as Tremont
Street or Broadway in the eyes of Bos-
ton Methodism. In this good work
our hands have been greatly strength-
ened by Bishop Haven; and the pro-
ceeds of a lecture delivered by him dur-
ing the session of one of the New En-
gland Conferences will go far towards
meeting the cost.

A METHODIST PREACHER AT A ROMISH ALTAR.

Not that we would have you infer
that your humble brother has become a
convert to Rome, but our being there
was on this wise:—A few days before
dedicating our new Church a committee
of six from an Indian village called,
with a petition like the one mentioned
above, from Mixcoac. We talked with
them, and invited them to call again.
During their third visit an arrangement
was made to visit them. Two hours' ride
in a canoe from the city brought us
to the village. The place being small,
the Romish church is only open
on certain days; but a public altar,
with the virgin, pictures of saints, wax
candles, etc., has been placed in a
dwelling house for the daily worship of
those too pious to wait for set days.
But this same house happens to be the
only restaurant in the place. So here
we got our breakfast; and while we were
examining the altar, with its pictures,
burning wax, etc., our meal was being
prepared within a few feet of it. All
our questions were kindly and freely
answered, and the whole family seemed
quite amused when our native preacher
quietly remarked that the Virgin had
eyes, but could not see; had a mouth,
but could not speak; feet had it, but
could not walk.

Boiled eggs and bread, with black-
berry jam for dessert, made up the "bill
of fare." While chatting with the fam-
ily Brother Abeyro took from his pocket
a little book, entitled "True Liberty,"
and remarked as he handed it to them
that it was very fine. "I will call
again," said he, "after a few days, and
then we will talk about its contents." The
children were delighted with the illu-
minated Spanish text cards which
we gave them. Thus you see we ate at
Rome's altar, and from it distributed
portions of the Word of God. Father,
mother, the children, and a few neigh-
bors escorted us to the canal, wished us
a pleasant trip home, and a speedy re-
turn to visit them. We humbly pray
that the little seed sown in this quiet
way may yet produce fruit to God's
honor and glory.

But we must not close without telling
you of the Protestantism we found here.
A few, into whose hands had fallen the
Word of God, were meeting together
in a little mud-hut (about 15 x 30 feet,
which they had built for the purpose),
to read and talk about the precious
Volume. Of its truths they were fully
convinced, and were extremely anxious
that we should sit up their room, al-
ready too strait for them, and send
some one every Sabbath to instruct
them further in this new way. For \$100

we could carry up the side walls of
their little house three feet further, add
ten feet to the length of the building,
whitewash, put in a couple of windows,
and then dedicate to Almighty God as
a Methodist chapel. It would then ac-
commodate over fifty people, and only
cost a few cents to send a native
preacher from the city each Sabbath to
preach to them the Word of Life. But
unless some kind-hearted friend, who
may see these lines, should send us the
hundred dollars we cannot build the
chapel, as there is no appropriation
made for it. Who will erect "a can-
dlestick" that will reflect light, the true
light of God in this dark place? May
God help some of your readers to re-
spond to this humble petition. Eterni-
ty will never bring them any regret
for thus helping on God's kingdom.
Pray for us, Doctor, and ask your read-
ers to do the same. Our opportunities
are grand—and the results will yet be
glorious.

Mexico City, June 16, 1875.

FOOLISH DICK, THE CORNISH EVANGELIST.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESLEY.

NOT A FOOL.

Chap. II.

Dick's infantile malady, which seem-
ingly so completely shattered his whole
being as to leave the previously fair
babe an uncomely mass of hopeless
ruins, both in body and mind, and
which really so affected his faculties as
to permanently incapacitate him for
skilled labor, was happily restricted in
its destructive sweep, and left some of
his mental powers untouched. He had a

REMARKABLE MEMORY.

"Dates and particular events seemed
to be printed in his mind like the pages
of an almanac." Seldom was he faulted
by those who, playfully or other-
wise, attempted to detect him in a
chronological inaccuracy. But, if con-
vinced of mistake, the ready wit with
which he could cover an occasional
failure was always equal to the emer-
gency. One December afternoon an
old friend, wishing to test his memory,
asked him if he could tell at what time
the new moon came in for each past
month of the year. Unknown to Dick,
the friend had a circular-shaped almanac
tied into the crown of his hat,
and holding it so as to see the figures
of each month as they were named, he
said,

"Now, Uncle Richard, can you tell
me?"

"Iss, I reck'n."

"Well, then, begin."

Six or seven months were correctly
given, when there was an error.

"You are wrong, Richard."

"No, I reck'n."

"Well, who shall decide between
us?"

"I believe I know; I believe I'm
right."

"No, Richard, you can't be. See,
here is the almanac; that must be
right; and if that's right you are
wrong."

"Aw, my dear," was the quick re-
sponse, "my knowledge is in my head,
yours is awny in your hat!"

In his later years his evangelistic
tours were recorded in his memory
with remarkable distinctness and accu-
racy. Places visited, persons met with,
and dates of events were all arranged
with such order and distinctness that
they were always ready for use, and
could be produced, seemingly without
effort, on the most sudden and unex-
pected demand. He was once over-
taken by a gentleman who had been
listening to one of his fervent sermons,
and who had once before heard him on
one of his visits to the St. Austell Cir-
cuit.

"How are you, Mr. Hampton?" he
inquired.

"How ar' ee?" said Dick, with a
responsive nod and sidelong glance.

"I have never seen you, Mr. Hamp-
ton, till to-day, since I heard you preach
at St. Blazey, about twenty years ago,
perhaps."

"Five-an'-twenty years ago, cum
15th of March next," was the instant re-
ply. In his mental calendar each place
visited seemed to stand precisely op-
posite to the date of his visit.

THE FITNESS IN FIGURES.

sometimes showed itself in other ways.
When in the employ of his class-leader
he was once sent upon an errand to
the office of a gentleman, and while
waiting for the gentleman's reply one
of the clerks inquired of Dick what
wages he received. He promptly re-
plied,

"Wann thousen' seven hundred an'
twenty-three farthings a month."

The gentleman overheard the an-
swer, and remarked that his master
ought to give him two thousand far-
things a month. Whereupon Dick
says,

"I towld my laider of ut, when I got
back, and he rawse my wages to forty
shellin' a month; that was wann
thousen' nine hundred and twenty
fard'ns, nigh 'pon what they spok for
at the office."

His attachment to his employer and
leader was very strong, and furnishes a
striking illustration of the shrewdness
with which he could protect and pro-
mote the business interests of those for
whom he was interested. He was once
sent on an errand to a neighboring
mine. In the counting room the agent
was eating his breakfast, and at once
commenced questioning Dick respect-
ing a mine, in which his master was
concerned, which threatened to be a
failure. Says Dick,

"I knawed what he wanted to find
out; so says I to he, 'do 'ee knaw
what the apostle says?'"

"No," says he; "what es ut?"

"Why," says I, "whatsover is set
before you eat, asking no questions, for
conscience sake." That was 'nough for
he; he went on, faster than ever
chinking his breakfast, and ded'n stop
to ax me any moare quesshuns 'pon
that head."

Nor is it surprising that the silence
of the man of the world, used to deal-
ing with shrewd men of his own class,
should be an emphatic acknowledgment
of the pungency and force of the re-
buke which defeated his impertinent
inquisitiveness, and covered him with
confusion.

DICK'S READY WIT AND SMARTNESS AT REPARTEE.

have many illustrations, which still lin-
ger in the memory of those who have
outlived him, and furnish amusing ma-
terial for pleasant gossip. His wit-
tisms, however, always possessed a
flavor of piety. His familiarity with
the holy Scriptures enabled him to
make apt use of sacred facts and forms
of expression, and apply them to the
case in hand with such effectiveness as
to accomplish his object. His rever-
ence for the sacred Volume, however,
never permitted him to employ its lan-
guage or its facts in such manner as
could bring it into discredit, or offend
the most scrupulous conscience. Even
before he became known as a preacher
and exhorter his knowledge of the
Bible often made him more than a
match for the cleverest among those
who sometimes ventured to play with
what they supposed to be his preten-
sions to Bible learning. He was one
day waiting in the office of an influ-
ential firm, having been sent on a busi-
ness errand by his employer.

"Richard," said one of the gentle-
men, "they say you know a good deal
about the Bible. Go home and look,
and you will find in the fourth chapter
of Habakkuk a passage that will an-
swer for a text for you. The words
are, 'rise, Jupiter, and snuff the
moon!'"

"No, maaster; I doan't b'lieve that
they words are in the Bible," he re-
plied; "and there es no moare than
three chapters in Habakkuk, nuther;
but I d' know that in the eighteenth
verse of the twenty-second chapter of
Revelation you'll find these words:
'If any man shall add unto these
things God shall add unto him the
plagues that are written in this Book.'"

He had been one day sent on an er-
rand to the "count-house" of a mine,
and arrived just as the dinner was serv-
ed up for the officials. A roast shoul-
der of mutton was on the table. Dick
was tired and hungry. The sight of
the dinner sharpened his appetite.
Having delivered his message, the
"captain" told him to sit down, and
he should have some dinner, by-and-by.
He sat and watched the privileged staff
at their meal, until, prompted by grow-
ing desire, he said,

"Cap'n Tom, do 'ee knaw what
Samuel towld the cook to do for
Saul?"

"No, Dick; what was it?"

"Why, Samuel said unto the cook,
'bring the portion which I gave thee;
and the cook took up the shoulder, and
that which was upon it, and set it be-
fore Saul.'"

The hint was good-naturedly taken,
and a "portion" from "the shoulder,"
with its accompaniments, soon satisfied
the hungry messenger.

Another "dinner incident," in which
he figured, occurred when a large party
of adventurers were dining in the
"count-house" of the mine where he
was in attendance. As the cloth was
removed the captain asked the servant
how Dick was getting on.

"I doan't knaw," said he; "but he
do want somethin' to drink, I reck'n."
"Why do you think so?"

"Because he 'a' been maakin' pos-
sity."

"Poetry? What has he said?"

"Why, a said,—

'Et all the land was pauper,
An' all the say (sea) was ink,
An' all the trees wore bark an' cheese,
What shud us do for drink?'"

Dick's need was supplied, and then
the company wished him to be called
in. He was given a seat between two
London adventurers; and after several
queer questions, and correspondingly
queer replies, his right-hand man said,

"Dick, they say that you are more
r. than f."

"What do 'ee main, please?" asked
Richard.

"Mean?" said the one on his left,
"we want to know whether you are a
rogue or a fool?"

"Why," said Dick, squinting first on
one side, and then on the other, "'tween
the two, I reck'n!"

The gibing, self-complacent, per-
haps half-intoxicated fools were wisely
answered by the reputed fool accord-
ing to their folly, and, confessing their
defeat, were glad to dismiss him, and
thus escape further encounter with the
miscalculated sharpness of the wit
which they had evoked.

His employment as a local preacher,
at a later day, was sorely in conflict
with the notions of propriety which
were entertained by some of the offi-
cials of the Circuit. Not gifted with
sufficient spiritual discernment to see,
or sufficient grace to acknowledge that
he was "called" to so "high and holy
a calling," and perhaps honestly solici-
tous for the honor and reputation of
the Church, they feared lest a "vessel"
so "marred in the hands of the pot-
ter" should assume undue prominence,
and bring discredit upon the cause and
the Church. One of these, proudly
magnifying his office, one day under-
took to rebuke Dick, and gave him his
place better than to appear before his
"chapel congregations" as a teacher
and preacher. The response was ready.

"I hope no 'fense, I'm sure. I
ded'n knaw. I wud do all things, ef
I end, 'decently and in order.' You're
a great man, you are, maaster, I knaw,
an' a wise man, I 'spose. Now, maas-
ter, don't be fall out with a fool, for
't pleased God by the foolishness of
preaching to save them that believe.'
You are a larned man, too, I reck'n,"
he added, with one of those curious
glances of his twisted eye, which
seemed to screw their way into his
self-constituted censor and counsellor.
"Can 'ee taalk Greek, maaster? Can
'ee? Will 'ee please to say over a bit
of ut to me?" Dick's squint, and the
comical turn of his lips, made the ques-
tion unmistakable. The official felt,
perhaps, that he was unexpectedly
brought to a standard of learning which
he would rather not be measured by;
and hastily beating a prudent retreat,
he left the "fool" to obey God rather
than man, and suffer the great Head of
the Church to employ whom His wis-
dom might choose to be His mouth-
piece in calling the "disobedient to the
wisdom of the just."

Another instance of his witty and ef-
fective dealing with assailants shall
close this chapter. The incident oc-
curred in Devonport, during one of his
evangelistic tours, and was narrated
by Dick in a conversation with a friend
some years after. He had accepted an
invitation to take tea with two old la-
dies, deaconesses of a Dissenting
Church, who were very strenuous ad-
herents and advocates of Calvinistic
predestination. During the interview
they attempted to draw him into an
argument on this favorite doctrine,
evidently supposing that an easy vic-
tory awaited them. The issue proved
that they had "reckoned without their
host."

"They axed me to say, they two
ould ladies; an' they wore ladies,
they wore; an' I went. An' while I
was drinkin' my tay, howdin' up my
cup, like, 'tween the table an' my
mouth, one looked over 'pon t'other,
an' then says to me, says she,

"Maaster Hampton, do 'ee b'lieve
that Christ died for all, do 'ee?"
"I knawed what she was drivin' at, an'
so says I to 'em both, gevin' 'em a
look, sich or 'em, says I, 'I do raid,
ma'am, that 'we see Jesus, who was
made a little lower than the angels,
for the suffering of death, crowned
with glory and honor, that He, by the
grace of God, should taste death for
every man, every man, every man.'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

WEATHER PROBABILITIES OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

An Address delivered before the Social Union, at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, June 22, 1875.

By PROF. W. F. WARREN, LL. D., President of the Boston University.

Reported in the Massachusetts Plaindealer.

Quaint old John Xerxes, writing of the plane tree, says, "Xerxes stopped his prodigious army of 1,700,000 soldiers to admire the puerile and precocity of one of these goodly trees, and became so fond of it that, spoiling both himself, his attendants and great persons of all their jewels, he covered it with gold, gems, necklaces, scarfs and bracelets, and infinite riches; in sum, was so enamored of it that for some days neither the concernment of his grand expedition, nor interest of honor, nor the necessary motion of his portentous army could persuade him from it. He styled it his mistress, his minion, his goddess; and when he was forced to part from it he caused the figure of it to be stamped on a medal of gold, which he continually wore about him."

It is said that this circumstance was explained by some of the ancient transmigrationists on the theory that in some previous life the soul of Xerxes had animated a tree—probably a plane tree; and that although the Lethæan draught had obliterated all recollection of that pre-existent state, vital affinity was still strong and controlling within him.

In this assembly there may be some who have hitherto associated the present speaker merely with city life, and with the administration of a city institution. If such should chance to discover in my speech or manner an unexpected and apparently inflated interest in the noble tree which old Massachusetts has planted on this green slope of Amherst, and in that agricultural life which it represents, I do not know that I can suggest any better explanation than this same theory of pre-existence; it is in fact the true and only explanation of my presence here. In a former life I was a farmer's son. For sixteen years I lived upon a farm, a Massachusetts farm, a Hampshire County farm, a farm from some of whose hills pastures this very college can be seen. Unlike Xerxes, I, happily, have retained a lively recollection of my pre-existent state of being. I do not fall in love with a handsome tree without knowing why. So, if I should chance to get unprofessional this afternoon, and show myself a most unaccountable university representative, I beg you kindly to revert to the suggested transmigrationary explanation, and to ascribe it all to the unspent influence of that former life upon the dear old homestead, just over the boundary line of Williamsburg—a homestead that has descended, like the old English ones, from father to son, ever since the red man roamed this valley of the Connecticut.

So much by way of personal precaution. Now for a theme. Were I to announce this same notion of metempsychosis, or transmigration of the soul, it might strike you as a very strange one, a theme quite out of keeping with all the proprieties of an agricultural anniversary. And yet who knows but that this antiquated and neglected philosophy might be applied to explain a number of other things beside my presence and possible indiscretions here this afternoon. For example, last year your wide awake, progressive President astonished not only you, but also thousands of innocent outsiders, by his peculiar demonstrations of the amazing mechanical force which lies latent in a puny squash seed. Now how quickly all this amazement and mystification could have dissipated, had he only told you that your supposed squash seed was in reality the coffin of some wicked old Polyphemian son of Anak who, in consequence of defying the armies of Israel in a former existence, had been doomed to be re-born in that lowliest and weakest of vegetable forms. How readily you could then have understood that incredible dead lift of 5,000 pounds. You would have seen in it simply the dying struggle of some blind Samson in the temple of his tormentors.

By the way, it is not a little curious that an ancient satire, usually ascribed to the philosopher Seneca, caricatures the deification of the Roman Emperor Claudius by representing that the deceased magnate became, not a god, but a squash. To offset the technical term by which the normal process was designated metempsychosis, he coined from the Greek word for squash the handy little vocable, apococytosis. Must we not conclude that the old philosopher's supposed satire was solemn fact, and that Col. Clark, searching for got possession of a genuine seed of the old ex-imperial, Claudian variety?

But in this grave presence I must not be presumptuous. Especially must I avoid increasing your good President's liability to prosecution on the part of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Squashes. I believe he has been already threatened with an indictment; and if it should come to be suspected that these *cucurbitae* are re-embodiments of the evil giants, or emperors of antiquity, the humanitarianism of our age will be satisfied with nothing short of the establishment of some new reformatory institution for their education. And should this be done, there is great danger lest the tribunal of public sentiment, outraged by his late proceedings, sentence Dr. Clark to become its first president.

In our search for a theme, then, let us pass from ancient metamorphoses to modern ones. If we must speak of suc-

cessive lives, let it be of the successive lives of the grand old art which you are here to master. Agriculture has passed through as many states of being as the most ardent transmigrationist claims for his own vital principle. A few glances up and down this series of lives may teach us something of the conditions of a truly prosperous and happy country life and labor. From these we may draw some inferences, which I would like to call, if the name be not too ambitious,

WEATHER PROBABILITIES OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

Two conditions of society are specially unfavorable to agriculture. The first is seen wherever other forms of industry are so undeveloped, or so depressed by circumstances, that the agricultural classes are far better off than other classes. The second is found wherever for any reason the agricultural class are far worse off than other social classes. Between the two there is little to choose. Strange as it may seem, the intelligent friend of agriculture deprecates exceptional prosperity quite as much as exceptional ill success and disesteem.

In the life of almost every people the farming population must encounter both of these unfavorable conditions. Usually the first is the one earliest encountered. Could you have looked into the valley of the Rhine, and watched the social development of its rude tribes during the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, you would have a striking illustration of what has taken place in the history of almost every people that ever made the transition from nomadic to a settled and localized life. With respect to the means of sustenance, the cultivators of the soil were far better off than other any class. The conquests of the tribe being at an end, individuals could not, to any great extent, subsist on plunder. With the more permanent settlement of the country the yield of the hunt and of the chase grew less and less. With the allotment of land to individual owners, the herds, from which nomadic ancestors had lived, could no longer be freely led from one green vale to another. The tillers of the soil were the only ones who had abundant and unfailing supplies.

Now, had the non-agricultural classes been producers of anything serviceable to the farmer, as are the manufacturing classes of to-day, or had they even been carriers of Rhine valley products and bringers of tropical or Oriental products in return, this improved condition of those who entered upon the cultivation of the soil would have led to greater and greater prosperity. A system of exchanges would at once have arisen. The farmer would not only have had food, but with surplus food he would have purchased comfort after comfort, and elegance after elegance, until he had filled his house and surrounded his life with all the blessings of civilization. So, too, the other classes in community, supplying their prime necessities by the easy process of exchange of commodities, would have gained time, and felt the motive to proceed from one degree of perfection to another in every useful and fine art, and so would have contributed their share to build up a civilized society.

Under the actual historical conditions how different was the result. There being but one producing class, all others preyed upon it. Foraging parties descended out of mountain fastnesses, and swept away whole harvests in a day. The half barbaric kings levied upon the farmers the costs of army and court. Robber chiefs became castle builders, founders of noble and royal houses; but all their wealth and power represented little else than so much exaction successfully practiced upon the one sole productive industry of the time. Of course it was an age of violence. Raid was often answered by raid, pillage by counter-pillage. Amid the universal disorder it sometimes seemed as if society were in transition to a lower instead of a higher form. At this time, in the midst of this confusion and violence, feudalism arose. The allodial tenure of the land gave place to the feudal tenure. Thenceforth every farmer owed service to a lord, but his lord owed protection to him. There was a loss of independence, but a gain in security. It so far equalized all classes that agriculture could develop itself without disturbance. It gained opportunity to improve by surrendering its exceptional advantages. The same experience has repeated itself in many and many an instance. Nor is it confined to this particular calling. Wherever and whenever any form of industry is plainly and conspicuously more lucrative and desirable than any other, that form is sure to suffer. Either such multitudes are certain to rush into it as to ruin its pre-eminence, or its monopolists must in one way or another pay for their monopoly.

The second of the unfavorable conditions named, that when the farming population is not as well off or at least is not considered to be as well off, as other social classes, usually comes at a later stage in the life of peoples. In the progress of civilization there comes a time when the plain countryman looks with envy upon the comfort and elegance of city homes. As he walks through the marts of trade, and sees the products of every clime, the fruits of every industry, the triumphs of every art, his own simple and monotonous life in the hills seems meagre, poverty-stricken, unsatisfying, in every respect. He sees more shining gold in one banker's window than all his rustic acquaintances ever possessed. The great tempests of religion, of learning, of art, impress his susceptible mind, and fascinate his inexperienced eye. In the

presence of the city's denizens he feels even himself personally inferior in carriage, manners, speech. He feels awkward, uncouth, a blundering rustic. How he envies these happy mortals, who, without undertaking his exhausting and unremitting labors, seem better fed and clothed and housed than he, and, with these material comforts, possess also such rare educational, social and æsthetic advantages. How can he resist the temptation to send his boy down to the city to get an education, or a trade, or some business position that will make him in due time a happy citizen, if not a millionaire. What wonder if, by and by, the old farm runs down and is sold at auction; and the old folks move down to spend their last days with their children, amid the long coveted comforts and novelties of a great town.

[To be continued.]

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

The New Bedford District Conference met at Vineyard Haven, June 28-30, opening with a sermon by the writer, the publication of which would probably add nothing to the reputation or resources of the Publisher. Tuesday morning the Conference was called to order by our good Presiding Elder, Brother J. Mather, and Brother B. P. Raymond was awarded the responsible and lucrative position of scribe. The reports from the Churches, interspersed with the social religious services, were neither very numerous nor astounding; all, however, indicated a determination on the part of the pastors to "push things" this year, and for the most part a corresponding willingness on the part of the Churches to let them. The tedious formula of "passing" the local preachers being gone through, with due solemnity, we adjourned for dinner, with appetites sharpened by the glorious sea breezes and the hard work of the morning session.

In the afternoon we sat down to the literary feast. Brother A. E. Hall first served up to us a very palatable review of Dr. Sharp's "Culture and Religion." Aside from being a very fair and mainly presentation of the Doctor's positions, with appropriate criticisms, the article itself is worthy of mention as being an unusually well-written essay, and very favorably introduced Brother Hall to the brethren of the District. A lively discussion followed, to which it would have been very profitable for educators, and especially parents, to have listened. There is certainly need enough of more just such manly, truthful reasoning as this book gives us. The modern idea of culture needs overhauling and remodeling. Cramping the head and starving the soul makes fearfully one-sided men, if not absolute dwarfs; and the system of education that makes no provision for man's spiritual wants is a false and an imperfect system, by whose disciples and graduates the future will be cursed rather than blessed. The time is coming, and now is, when the Church must demand, not only nominally but actively, Christian instructors who shall see to it that not only the physical and mental but the spiritual nature of their pupils is properly developed and trained, that the three may grow up in beautiful harmony and sympathy.

In the evening Brother G. De B. Stoddard, also a new-comer to the District, preached an eloquent and practical sermon from Heb. x, 7, holding the attention of his audience throughout. With such a preacher to lead, we expect to hear great things from old Fairhaven this year.

Excellent fare and comfortable beds no doubt greatly refreshed and strengthened Bro's Humphrey and Dunham, as was shown by their clear interpretation of 1 Cor. ii, 14-15. The knowledge of the "original" brought out in their essays and the subsequent discussion was something alarming. All the forenoon the battle raged, Greek, and Hebrew, and Latin, and we are not sure but Sanscrit and Chinese terms flew about that church in a way calculated to drive a common intellect to the "ragged edge of despair" and distraction. Bro's Sayer and Morgan concluded that the "Relation of the Pastor" to his own people was a subject more in need of practical elucidation, just now, than his "relation to the missionary cause," and so left us to our own reflections.

Bro. Crafts gave us one of his inimitable talks on the use and abuse of the blackboard, with illustrations, which of course delighted and instructed everybody. By his well-put suggestions and criticisms he succeeded in convincing us that we might all become proficient in the use of the crayon, if we only exercised a little patience; and that what was needed to make these exercises interesting was not so much a man of skilled eye and hand as one of average common sense. Of course every school has at least one, and will set him at work forthwith.

The masterly essay of an hour's length on "Popery," which Dr. Coggeshall read us, was not upon the program; hence was a perfect and a perfectly acceptable surprise. He amused, delighted, and instructed us, while all the time we held our breath in wonderment at the seemingly unending quantity and variety of facts he poured out upon and into us. It was a perfect hail-storm of history and statistics and argument and prophecy. His information is simply marvelous; and if any one wants to enjoy a real feast, as well as confirm the trembling, and shut the mouths of croakers, just get an audience for the Doctor's lec-

ture. It ought to be published in pamphlet form for "reading in the churches;" it would be better medicine than a dozen repetitions of the "General Rules." As a well-known New England preacher remarked, in the cars the next morning, this modest Methodist Doctor "knows a thing or two," and unless he writes up what he knows his death will be an irreparable loss to the Church and the age.

The discussion upon "the secret of power with Moody and Sankey" was spirited and general, although neither of the appointed speakers put in an appearance. While we fully believed in their power of consecration and faith, we could but see in their wonderful success God's vindication of His Word, of the Christian's theory of prayer, and of lay preaching; and hear in the movement "His voice, calling to the masses of devout men and women in the Church to 'arise! strip ye for the fight! quit ye like men! be strong!'"

By far the largest audience of the week greeted the Rev. E. H. Hatfield (which fact was sufficient and convincing proof of his high repute on the Island), to listen to his highly interesting lecture upon "Music." It is enough to say that he fully measured up to his former efforts, and sustained his already good reputation as a pleasing and instructive speaker. We were taught lessons in the art of finding and making music in our every-day lives, which we shall not soon forget.

It was decided, and a committee appointed for the purpose, to hold mass missionary meetings throughout the District during the fall and winter. This is a move in the right direction, and we believe will result in a large increase in our missionary spirit and collections.

As a whole, the Conference was a decided success, unusually well attended, harmonious, and interesting throughout; and, best of all, "the Master" abode with us. Our reception and entertainment was genuinely Methodist. We found, as Bro. Anthony expressed himself in the social meeting, that the people of Vineyard Haven love Methodism and Methodist preachers. The people grandly entertained us, the choir furnished excellent music, and the sexton (take notice) plenty of fresh air. Although lying so far from the "hub," New Bedford District still lives, and proposes to live a long time yet. She has within her territory miles of historic ground that have echoed the tread and voice of Soule and Lindsay and Taylor and Bates and Upham, and hosts more of our Methodist nobility, living and dead. She has many live, grandly working Churches, with zealous, earnest preachers. Dr. Coggeshall, and a warm-hearted, enthusiastic, manly Presiding Elder. What more could be desired? By the way, if she can have a succession of such men, New Bedford District does not care whether the office be elective or hereditary—whether it is filled by the appointment of the Bishops, United States Congress, or the Pope of Rome. The next Conference is to be held at West Dennis.

By order of the Secretary,

W. L. PHILLIPS.

AN OPEN PRAYER-MEETING AND ITS RESULTS.

BY S. E. BRIDGMAN.

But two were present at that meeting, and it was held some six years ago; but the prayers that then ascended have brought peace and joy to thousands and tens of thousands of burdened hearts; and the end is not yet. Shall we tell you all about it? or attempt an outline, rather?

A business man, a thousand miles from home, strayed into a Church service in season to hear the speaker present the "Harlan Page Covenant." "Resolved, That, by divine grace, I will act as though I was the only one not at, waiting no longer for others." Rising to take the solemn pledge, a new vision of his personal responsibility was vividly stamped on his soul. At the close of the meeting, pressing through the crowd, he reached the strange preacher, and in earnest accent asked, "how can I, a business man, in a busy city, carry out my pledge?" He went home to pray for enlightenment. A little later he met his new friend in Illinois, and going with him alone to the river-side, with God only as witness, they looked eastward to Massachusetts, and prayed that she might become a leading State in a new and holy crusade—that her wealth, her talents, her education might be consecrated to God—that her ministers might be baptized with the Holy Ghost—that the Christians within her borders might be roused to a consciousness of the underlying powers of their souls, and become spiritually enlarged.

As they prayed, this plan was suggested: Utilize the young men of our Churches, by enlisting them in aggressive lay-work; give them something to do that will develop their own dormant force, and, at the same time, greatly bless the now careless and indifferent; make them valuable auxiliaries to pastors, who need so much their helpful aid; teach them how to do mission-work, carrying the Gospel to districts unreached; lead them to see that in this world's great hive of busy workers drones are worse than useless. The thought assumed shape and proportion, and in due time a plan was made for a religious canvass. This was brought before the State Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations for definite action. They decided upon a visitation of the Churches of the State, holding a two or three days' meeting wherever de-

sired. One of the members went out to consult the pastors, to present the plan, to secure their co-operation, desiring only to work with their sympathy and personal aid. He was received in some places cordially, in other places "politely bowed out of town." This was not unexpected. Young men have often more zeal than prudence, more piety than wisdom, and of course careful, conservative pastors (we believe all should be such) feared new experiments. However, a series of meetings was inaugurated, and K. A. Burnell, of Illinois, widely known as an evangelist, and whom love for his old State was only deepened by years of absence from it, was secured to take the lead. The meetings the first year were eminently a success, yet mistakes were made, motives misunderstood, and the wheels did not move as smoothly as in later days, when the wear and tear have smoothed away the rough edges, and men and measures have become better known to a Christian community, cordial and loving at heart.

The work steadily went on, and now, for four years, this religious campaign has increased and intensified in power, and the whole State has been vitalized and quickened by the presence of these lay brethren in their Churches, who, from their business and religious standpoint, have discussed practical questions bearing upon "individual responsibility," "how to study the Bible," "religion in home life," "the type of Christianity needed to-day!" while the tender presentation of "Jesus as the sinner's friend" touches the hearts of the impenitent, who are always present at these meetings.

The present year Charles J. Littlefield of South Boston, whose tender, fervid, simple eloquence is supplemented by a voice of unusual power and sweetness, enabling him to sing the Gospel as well as preach it, has given his whole time to this service. He receives a salary, but the brothers who accompany him give their time without pecuniary reward. Of the dozen on the committee, residing in different parts of the State, all hold themselves, as minute-men, ready to respond to the call of their chief. As to the result, as at present seen, coldness has disappeared, and a pastor (denominationalists are unknown in this matter) not cordial and hearty in his invitation and welcome is rarely met. Hundreds have been converted, and their genuineness proved by being admitted to the Churches, a new type of Christian activity has been developed, and the power of Massachusetts example, the throb of her heart, has been felt beyond the confines of New England, other States being roused to a similar course of action.

Vermont is now closing a canvass which commenced January 2d. George E. Davis, of Burlington, is chairman of the Executive Committee, and Rev. S. P. Cook, of Ludlow, Secretary. They are aided by seven associates, and by scores of others who have been raised up to meet the pressing demand for help. Sixty-five towns have been visited, and in but five instances has there been a failure to report conversions and admissions to the Churches. In some places, as at St. Johnsbury, the additions already made to the Church membership are remarkable. We do not care to enter into statistics, which may be truthfully given, but for the honor and glory of God we desire to place on record His wonderful and speedy answers to prayer. Never was a work entered upon with such dependence upon the Holy Ghost, every step of which has been marked with importunate prayer. Many a fearful midnight gathering of a few disciples in the "upper chamber" testify to their belief in the truth that "without Me ye can do nothing."

Growing out of this work, the ministers of Ludlow, Messrs. Cook, Farrar, and Rockwell, aided by Mr. Davis, planned and executed a "Fourth of July Gospel celebration" in that town, commencing July 2d, and closing July 4th. A tent capable of seating two thousand persons was secured; a local committee of the practical business men (most delightfully carried out) appointed; invitations were sent out to Churches all through that region; the hospitalities of the town were offered, with a more than Oriental heartiness; above all, the work was for weeks prefaced by importunate prayer. The committee invited from Massachusetts Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston (a layman of whom the State may not be ashamed), Mr. Littlefield, and others, while Vermont afforded ample material for the occasion in her devoted pastors and Christian brothers. About fifty Churches responded, with as many pastors flocking in by rail-road and by private teams, some coming for fifty miles away. The days were spent in prayer and praise meetings, and in preaching Christ to the multitude; whole families came in for long distances; it was probably the largest religious gathering ever assembled in that State; and the solemn, fearful interest, the requests for prayers, the reverent hush of that large assembly, the rising of scores for prayers, the radiant faces of Christians, indicated the full presence of God's Spirit.

At the close of the afternoon Sabbath exercises, with the sunset shadows playing with marvelous grandeur over the towering mountains that, like loving sentinels, guard this gem set in the bosom, the corner-stone of a new Methodist church was laid, under the charge of Rev. N. E. Rockwell, the Presiding Elder of that District (Rev. J. D. Beeman) making an appropriate address. His genial way of supple-

menting the same was potent enough to draw out from some of the Congregational brethren of Massachusetts a generous donation; so they are blessed in having one more tie to bind them to the Church. But the tent has been struck; the Christian motives have all a place in the hearts of those to whom they were a suggestion; the flowers have faded; the stranger guests have gone home; but the memories of those days amid the mountains, and the holy influence of those solemn hours will abide forever.

WHISPER-GALLERY ECHOES.

Steady, young man of the pulpit! I hear some half-surprised utterances in your case, that some friendly echo should wait to your ear. You have, consciously or unconsciously, taken on a sort of careless, do-it-care, none-of-your-business way, peculiar to some "great preacher," that is beginning to tell in your case—not to say anything of that way in his case.

Your sneers at "old orthodoxy," "Puritan strictness of morals," "set creeds and discipline," have already given you a name which intelligent and cautious people are afraid to follow, and they have thrown great uncertainty over your future.

Several of your admiring T. T's and E. T's, young, brilliant, but inexperienced and badly balanced, charmed with your "independent thought" and "originality," have not only come up to your advanced (?) position in progress, but are already stepping over into free-loveism, or something else beside the pure, humble religion of Jesus; and you would have gone over before now, but for your pride of position and selfish fears of losing place. You probably will go soon; possibly you have already gone beyond the possibility of recovery. The reckless, "independent" young swimmer does not always come back to shore.

The air is full of voices about this time—not yet distinct and pronounced, but soon to be heard in deafening peals. "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." Court-houses, Connecticut farms, Tremont Temple and Brooklyn ministerial newspapers are double-tongued, pointing in different directions to whole catalogues of breakers, on which not a few aspiring and undevout young ministers founder, float a little while from bad to worse, then go out of sight in the foaming sea of skepticism, and tear in pieces the body of Christ which has trusted and honored them.

Beware of false lights. If, when you look for some "smart and original" saying, you declare that you "do not pray by the watch, but when you feel the need of it"—that you are "no Calvinist nor Arminian," but the famous —, you will find ready converts and practitioners, bringing down the house in "loud applause," in true theater style, get noticed (by a little of your own help) in the papers, become "a great preacher," have crowds of gaping hearers, ready to raise the shout at anything funny. But that will not be the end of it. Your safety lies in following His counsel whose you profess to be, and whom you profess to serve: "learn of Me."

Our Book Table.

The Quarterlies make their appearance promptly this month. *The Bibliotheca* opens with an exegesis by Prof. Cowles, of Oberlin, O., of the passage in 1 Peter (ii, 18-20), relating to Christ's preaching to the spirits in prison. He utterly snatches away this Scripture from the hands of those who find in it a probation after death, affirming that its meaning is simply that Christ, through Noah, preached the Gospel to the Satan-bound and ruled souls of his time. He presents a rational interpretation, upon this basis, of all the parts of this obscure and often discussed passage of Holy Writ. Rev. Henry L. Kendall, of Andover, follows with a paper upon Dr. Watts' "Theory of Christ's Pre-existent Human Nature," to wit, that it has been created infinite ages before the human birth, and that the soul of Christ, united with the Deity, entered the body born of the Virgin Mary. Dr. A. C. Thompson, of Boston, has an extended article illustrating the numerous and vicious modifications, interpolations, omissions, and substitutions of words in quoting Holy Scripture, in vogue among the ministry and laity. It is eminently practical and suggestive. Rev. W. H. Cobb has an exhaustive paper upon the New Testament view of Christ as bearing sin. Ex-President Thomas Hill writes *con amore* on his favorite theme—the uses of mathematics. Rev. F. H. Johnson has an interesting paper upon "Italian Painting." Rev. G. F. Wright reviews the principles found in recent treatises upon the relation of science to religion. This vigorous number closes with a translation (from the German of Herr Max Besser) of a paper upon the "Method in the History of the Earlier Christian Doctrine." The usual number of critical notices of current theological and historical literature follow, and are of average fullness and discrimination.

The New Englander for July is able, and somewhat over-metaphysical, for vacation reading. It is introduced with a thoughtful review of the ethical and philosophical teachings found in the writings of Montaigne. Mr. Lyell T. Adams seeks to show the self-contradictory character of Spencer's doctrine of evolution. Rev. R. G. Keyes discusses thoughtfully, and with a careful discrimination between person and nature, upon the character of our Lord in His incarnation. David M. Means offers certain excellent, if not practical suggestions in reference to the modification of the present burdensome and demoralized caucus system in our general elections. H. Weigwood, of London, Eng., considers Mill's views of a mathematical foundation for logic. Dr. Peabody writes an instructive review of the late Judge Farrar's "Manual of the Constitution." Prof. Smith, of Oberlin, balances the objections and compensations of intercollegiate contests, giving the preponderance on the whole, to the former. Mr. Stuart Phelps has a very sharp and lively review of Mr. Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy." Prof. Carter, of Yale, considers the New Testament of Laocoon; and Professor Hopkin reviews, kindly but critically, and with seri-

ous objections, Rev. Henry M. Goodwin's "Christ and Humanity." The usual short and satisfactory critical notices close this valuable number.

The Baptist Quarterly has seven articles, quite varied in character, but all upon attractive themes. Rev. J. C. Weightman, of Taunton, presents a good digest and review of modern studies in "Comparative Religion." Prof. L. E. Hicks, with little mercy upon modern materialistic scientists, seeks to show how and why they disagree with theologians. Albert H. Newman has a thoughtful and instructive paper upon the sources of Luke's Gospel. J. A. Smith gives a pretty full sketch of Dante, with a careful criticism of his works, and an estimate of his labors and character. Prof. Toy examines the traditions relating to Ezra's connection with the canon of the Old Testament. "Rev. H. S. Burroughs enters upon a historical inquiry in reference to the influence, during the Reformation period, which occasioned the development." President Caswell has a fine paper upon "The Future of Africa."

The North American for July opens with an excellent critical summary, by Henry Reed, of the late State Conventions held in several States to secure constitutional changes. Prof. Whitney has an instructive paper upon geographical and geological surveys, showing what has been accomplished, and how much and how valuable the work is that remains to be done. Chauncy Wright, in reviewing a late volume of educational essays, by J. Toddmaster, F. R. S., London, considers at length the relation of the different classes of university studies to mental development and discipline. Mr. Wingate continues his graphic description of the late "ring" government in New York. Sarah B. Wister writes upon art as illustrated in the Renaissance, and distinguished from the antique and medieval form of it. The critical notices are largely devoted to German and French works, with a very appreciative review of Green's "Short History of the English People."

Rev. Chandler Curtis has issued the second volume of *Domestic History*. Delineating, through the press of Crocker & Brewster. The author proposes to present a theological system in the form of a series of discourses, forming four duodecimo volumes. The present volume gives his views of soteriology—God's plan for saving man. We believe Mr. Curtis is a Congregationalist minister. He preserves the outlines of a Calvinistic creed, but he has entirely emancipated it of its rigid features. His favorite theologian seems to be Richard Watson; his ection is of grace; and his final perseverance of the saints is carefully defended from any idea of involuntary salvation. The volume is plainly and pleasantly written, and must have afforded an instructive series of practical discourses when delivered. There are no novelties in it. Its modes and doctrines are the familiar formularies of other days, before the theories of Mr. Bushnell and Mr. Robertson had disturbed the venerable orthodoxy of the ages.

Dr. W. W. Hall, the well-known editor of *Hall's Journal of Health*, has gathered into a duodecimo volume, handsomely published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, some of his most valuable health maxims, and his excellent practical suggestions for physical, mental, and moral discipline. This volume he has entitled *HOW TO LIVE LONG*, which hardly gives an idea of the breadth of the surfeit covers, or of the admirable and practical character of his partly educational, and moral, and partly professional counsels. They will certainly tend, if obeyed, to lengthen life; but they will also enrich and sweeten it. It is a good book to catch up and read at odd times.

Rev. E. Miller, of Wilmington Conference, publishes, through the Methodist Episcopal Book and Publishing House, Philadelphia, an excellent little volume, entitled *CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE*. It is a plain, practical, and Scriptural treatise on the nature of the divine and human testimony bearing upon the work of regeneration in the human heart. It is thoroughly Wesleyan, illustrated by the interpretation of unmistakable Scripture texts, and by clear personal experiences. It is a fine tract to scatter among the people.

John A. Williams, New Britain, Conn., issues a thin volume, in a handsome style, bearing the title of *AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S WORK AMONG WORKING MEN*. It is introduced by an extended and admirable essay upon the subject by Elihu Burritt. The treatise itself is an affecting account of the evangelical labors of a cultivated and talented English lady, Miss Elliot Hopkins, among the humblest laborers of England. With the co-operation of her rector, she arranged religious services among them, attended in their working clothes, and led numbers of them to Christ and an active Christian life. It is a delightful and impressive little volume.

Nelson & Phillips have issued a new and enlarged edition of Dr. Geo. H. Whitney's *HAND-BOOK OF BIBLE GEOGRAPHY*. It has no competitor in the field it cultivates. It is the fullest, best-arranged, most complete, most thoroughly and handsomely illustrated of any geographical Scriptural manual that has been published. Every teacher and Sunday-school scholar should have a copy.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN, by Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D., is a new edition of a volume which considers, from a Swedenborgian standpoint, the condition of children that have in their infancy passed behind the veil. It is full of poetry and pathos. To those who rely, as upon an inspired seer, upon Swedenborg's revelations, it must afford peculiar comfort. A large part of the volume would be acceptable to all Christians.

The fourteenth volume of *LITTLE CLASSICS* is "Lyrical Poems," edited by Rosseter Johnson. It contains nearly forty gems, chiefly from the leading modern poets. Only from the publications of these publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., could these selections be made. Full editions of nearly all the authors can be found upon their shelves. The present little volume is a happy selection of everybody's favorites.

Wm. F. Gill & Co. are publishing a handsome series of volumes, bearing the general title of *THE TREASURE-TROVE SERIES*. It is edited by R. H. Stoddard, the poet. The present volume is compiled by W. S. Walsh, and bears the title of "Baroque." It contains a dozen happy selections from wits and humorists, and is just the thing for summer reading by the seaside or on the mountains.

Hazzard Swinney, New York, publishes in paper covers a new edition of Rev. Geo. Bush's *STATEMENT OF REASONS FOR EMBRACING THE DOCTRINES AND DISCLOSURES OF EMANUEL SWENDBORGH*. The portrait of Mr. Bush, ornamenting this volume, brings back the face and form of one upon whose Scriptural interpretations, before the age referred to in this tract, we lingered with almost a mental fascination.

Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. issue an excellent algebraic manual for examinations, entitled *A COLLECTION OF ALGEBRAIC PROBLEMS*. It is a complement to "Robinson's Shorter Course."

PITTSBURGH FEMALE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

No doubt many of the readers of ZION'S HERALD would like to read some "jottings" of this widely known and first class Female College, just as many of the dwellers in the Iron City and the "region round about" enjoy the good things said about that "Down East" institution, the Boston University.

The very fact that the standard is high to secure graduation, and everything in and about the College are kept in the best condition, induces parents to give it the preference over the "slipshod" standard of some female seminaries, and which allows the buildings to get unsightly, and the equipment for illustrating the sciences antiquated. Then, too, the management believe in the gospel of comfort, in furnishing nice and tidy rooms, with an inviting table.

Now for the results of furnishing suitable educational "wares" (facilities). The attendance, notwithstanding the scary times last year, was 248, which, with a single exception, was greater than any female seminary on this continent.

President Pershing, or as some like his good name, and call him Dr. "Pushing," has just entered upon his seventeenth annual term, and when the days of other years are contrasted with the present it is surprising the difference. The Doctor combines so many good things, to manage almost any Church interest, that we expect sooner or later the mandate of the Church will summon him to a wider sphere.

So many things have a degree of sameness in college commencements that we need only sketch, and briefly too, the salient features of the late Commencement week, which was opened with a two days' examination of the Senior class, the 15th and 16th of June, on the studies of the full course, in addition to the usual review at the end of each term and the year, conducted in part by committees of teachers not connected with the college.

Thursday, the 17th, was devoted to the examination of the Senior Middle class in Mathematics for the "Mrs. Bishop Simpson Prize," occupying the entire day, and conducted by an outside committee. Friday the examination of lower classes took place.

Thursday evening the series of evening entertainments of a popular character commenced. The beautiful Cantata, "Spring Holiday," was rendered in charming style to a large and delighted audience. The spacious chapel, beautiful as it is, was rendered more attractive by the floral decorations and the wealth of choral singing by the pupils of the grand Conservatory of Music, connected with the College, which will long dwell in the memory of those who heard the charming songsters.

The next night (Friday) the annual Music Contest for the "McKee Prize," an elegant and costly gold medal, came off. The fair contestants all deserved prizes for their skillful music, but the judges awarded the medal to Miss Agnes Weir, and an "honor" to Miss Olive Ritts, as the successful vocalist. We note here that the college is regarded with special favor in this large community for its elegant entertainments. We do not mean the term "elegant" with reference to dress of the pupils, but the careful preparation and high tone of the essays, recitations, readings, etc., and the superior manner in which they are presented.

Sunday morning, the Rev. Dr. B. F. Brooke preached the baccalaureate sermon at Christ Church, of which he is pastor, from the text Ps. cxlv. 12. It was scholarly, high-toned and unique.

On Monday examinations were resumed. At evening the usual Reading Contest took place for the "Mrs. Margaret Davidson Prize," a nice silver cup. Eight young misses contested for the prize, and each deserved one, but the judges awarded the cup to Miss Kate Strasser, who read "Joe and Kiah." As usual the readings were interspersed with some charming vocal and instrumental music.

The grand finale was witnessed on Tuesday night. Rev. Dr. Alexander Clark, the accomplished editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, opened the exercises with the Annual Address. His theme was, "Nature as a Teacher," which was delivered with the elegant diction proverbial with him in his public performances. The graduating class read essays, Miss McMillan and Miss Collier, followed by some choice words by Dr. J. J. Murray to the young ladies, and then President Pershing conferred the diplomas, and thus ended an occasion of rare interest.

TEMPERANCE.

LESSONS OF THE CONVENTION.

BY REV. M. C. BRIGGS, D. D.

Very recently a National Temperance Convention was held in Chicago, of which I was a six-hundred-and-fortieth part, more or less. It was a great gathering, with many elements of power in it—elements uncombined, or feebly combined, as it appeared to me. It is not easy to analyze such a congress. The great forces moving it, like Milton's elements, ran in quadruple. First, it was male and female; second, it was third party and anti-third party. Lesser ingredients of discord were sprinkled in, like comediments, but the four named were chief and controlling. Two of them, manhood and womanhood, ought only to have made the unity more complete; and they would, only womanhood chose to change itself into womanism, which is a thing singularly different,

considering the root-likeness of the names. I think there is no uncombined in saying that womanism did no small damage to womanhood; and that is a most unlovely contest—that between the hood and the ism. A sensible, noble working lady said, "It appears as though the 'evil one' sent some of these women here to put discredit on woman's work." As a conscientious man I could not deny that her suspicion was strongly supported. But all were not women who wore the cockade of the ism, nor were all men who experienced wholesome disgust at the unwholesome ragout set so conspicuously on the center-table of the banquet.

Were the women more one-headed, squawky, assumptive, disorderly, than the men? Not a whit, save and except as it is always more offensive to see a woman act the fool than a man. The advocates of woman-suffrage have all along argued that when women were admitted to all public and political assemblies there would be an end of disorder and vulgarity. We hoped they were argued well; but (softly) our fears before our hopes. We had seen women in old countries and new countries, in cork countries and gold countries, in whisky countries and wine countries, and had always found them possessed of a reasonable share of human nature, with its weaknesses, as well as its strength. We were willing to experiment, but not sanguine of unmixedly good results. But our hope of the purification of politics through womanly grace and goodness in the arena was violently set back. The tricks, if there were any, were largely executed by the sisters, small and large.

In close alliance with the womanism clique was an ardent band of third-party people, who could see salvation in no direction but that of a prohibition-party movement. I give them full credit for honesty. To a very large majority of experienced workers in the reform the scheme of a third party is fraught with numerous inconveniences and perils, and could not fail to postpone the triumph of temperance full many a year. I know it is easy to say that this is mere conjecture, while, on the other hand, we have the mournful certainty that the other suasion have not achieved the end for which they have been so long employed. But it is a sufficient answer to point to the progress actually made against tremendous odds—a progress without which a temperance political party would never have agitated the most progressive minds for five centuries to come. I believe it is additionally true that prohibition parties, as such, with the advantage on their side of all the work done in the past, have resulted in nothing but disaster, defeat, and disgrace. And the reasons are obvious. A political party must needs weight itself down with party machinery, and enter into competition with party competitors, and subject itself to the canon of party criticism, and open a door to the political dead-beats of all other parties, and expose its directive bosom to the entire swarm of party temptations, and sacrifice for its every member his moral power in all other political organizations. On the other hand, a commanding body of temperance men, united by intelligence and conviction, resolved to make Temperance the paramount issue, is able to control the nominations of one or both the ruling parties so as to insure the election of temperate and temperance candidates in numerous counties, some States, and will long be able to shape the policy of the nation.

It is easy to say the dominant parties have again and again played false, and they can not be trusted. We have been as much deceived by the very men we have been permitted to name as by others. No set of men, as men, can be implicitly trusted. In the highest qualities of civilization men and States are governed by impersonal law, the legislator has no personal end to serve, and the executive officer no personal malice to gratify. Hence the character of our rulers—never unimportant, as an indication of the character of the ruled—is relatively of less consequence than in autocratic and arbitrary States. A strong, united, well-informed, resolute body of temperance voters, free to cast their ballots for the best men, commands the respect and excites the fears of all parties. A prohibition party, while it can not exempt itself from trick and demagoguism, and thumb-screw and self-centering schemes, loses the moral equipoise which gives it power, and becomes a unipotent political machine, neither respected nor feared. It was for the reasons so imperfectly enumerated and unaccountably put in this hasty sketch that the more sober members of the convention felt gratified at the defeat of the third-party movement, and disgusted at what appeared like a trick to force the convention, at the last hour, to take action which would have the moral effect of sanctioning a woman-suffrage resolution which it had already voted down.

I have only time to add that Bishop Haven's benevolent ecstasy over the splendid performances of the lady members of the Convention, as published in the *HERALD*, impresses many people, who know the facts, as more generous to the women than to the truth. With perhaps two exceptions, the really able women took small public part in the proceedings. I think we may account for this extravagance by stating the fact that the Bishop was present only a brief fragment of time, and therefore drew largely on his wish and his faculty for guessing. As a specimen of guessing his notice is brilliant, but as a chapter of history the paper stands in need of pruning.

The essays prepared beforehand, and silently distributed for perusal and reflection, were of much merit, and ought to be widely circulated.

Yours, in L. P. and F., and all the initials and symbols of all the orders.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION

AT SEA CLIFF, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

A Union Convention of the Temperance workers from several States, representing a score or more of temperance societies, met on the camp-grounds at Sea Cliff, July 13th. The delegates met to compare notes, report progress, and join hands to push the infernal liquor traffic of this country, by voice, and vote, and prayer, into the last ditch, and to destruction. The wonderful harmony between moral and legal suasionists, between the prohibitionists and crusaders, together with the determination to fight it out on these lines, if it takes a life time, gives fullest promise of the most triumphant success for the temperance cause in the near future.

Woman's important relation to this work was recognized by choosing a lady and gentleman each day to preside over the meetings. After the first day, when Rev. William H. Boole, through whose influence this Convention was called, presided, the following persons have presided, and given direction to the exercises of the Convention: Wednesday, Hon. Wm. Daniels, of Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. S. A. Gifford, of Worcester, Mass.; Thursday, Judge Van Cott, of New York, and Mrs. Denman, of New Jersey; Friday, Rev. Israel Luce, of Maine, and Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Eli Johnson, of Brooklyn, and Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, were chosen secretaries.

The first topic discussed was "the relation of the Church to temperance work," by Rev. W. H. Boole, of Meriden, Conn., who paid a high compliment to the Church, in her ministry and laity, for her adherence to the temperance cause, in principle and practice, but urging the massing of the disciples of Christ, by voice, vote, influence and prayer, for the total destruction of the liquor traffic. He prophesied that with such union of effort among God's people the next twelve months would witness the overthrow of the rum power. The Church for Christ, which means the membership unqualifiedly against the use of intoxicating drinks, is a sure warrant of immediate success in the temperance cause. Given, the Churches of our land thoroughly committed to total abstinence and prohibition, and the triumph of temperance is certain.

The second topic discussed was, "how shall we reach the drinking classes?" Mrs. H. E. Brown, president of the New York W. C. Temperance Union, opened the discussion by urging the absolute necessity of carrying Christ to them. Mr. Francis Murphy followed by relating his thrilling experience in being lifted out of sin and shame by the prayers and efforts of Christian men and women. Mr. Murphy still retains his inimitable Irish humor, but has gained in depth of Christian experience since we last met him. God is wonderfully honoring him in this great work.

A mass meeting was held Wednesday evening, addressed by Rev. I. Luce and Mrs. Wittenmeyer.

Thursday was devoted to the topics of "how to reach the children of the Sunday and day-schools," opened by Miss F. E. Willard, of Chicago, and "saloon visiting," opened by Mrs. Johnson, of Brooklyn. Animated and interesting discussions followed on each.

An interesting and somewhat novel feature of this temperance convention is a consecration meeting, held twice each day, under the direction of Doctor and Mrs. Boardman, who have just returned from their evangelistic labors in Europe. The spirit of the whole meeting is intensely spiritual. Dr. Cummings of the Wesleyan University, was present, and gave us a stirring address Tuesday evening.

A convention of persons who favor the organization of a National Prohibition Party has been in session on the grounds, and have arranged to call a convention next year for the nomination of temperance candidates for President and Vice President. All these things indicate the drift and uplift of public sentiment. The end is not yet. God is marching on! Let all the people of God fall into rank, and carry the battle to the gates!

M. E. W.

EDUCATIONAL.

At the dedication of Smith College, at Northampton, the inaugural was delivered by President Seelye, and remarks were made by Professor Tyler, president of the Board of Trustees, Rev. John M. Green of Lowell (for many years Miss Smith's pastor), Governor Gaston, and Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody. President Seelye quoted the words of the founder of the college: "Sensible of what the Christian religion has done for my sex, and believing that all education should be for the glory of God and the good of man, I direct that the Holy Scriptures be daily and systematically read and studied in said college, and, without giving preference to any sect or denomination, all the education and the discipline shall be pervaded by the spirit of evangelical Christian religion."

The alumni of Cazenovia Seminary have just celebrated the 50th anniversary of its organization, 2,000 of them assembling. They were addressed by Gen. Hawley of Conn., Gov. Blair of Mich., Bishop Andrews, and other dignitaries.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

July 27, 1875.

WHEAT—Superior, \$1.20; extra, \$1.25; No. 1, \$1.30; No. 2, \$1.35; No. 3, \$1.40; No. 4, \$1.45; No. 5, \$1.50; No. 6, \$1.55; No. 7, \$1.60; No. 8, \$1.65; No. 9, \$1.70; No. 10, \$1.75; No. 11, \$1.80; No. 12, \$1.85; No. 13, \$1.90; No. 14, \$1.95; No. 15, \$2.00; No. 16, \$2.05; No. 17, \$2.10; No. 18, \$2.15; No. 19, \$2.20; No. 20, \$2.25; No. 21, \$2.30; No. 22, \$2.35; No. 23, \$2.40; No. 24, \$2.45; No. 25, \$2.50; No. 26, \$2.55; No. 27, \$2.60; No. 28, \$2.65; No. 29, \$2.70; No. 30, \$2.75; No. 31, \$2.80; No. 32, \$2.85; No. 33, \$2.90; No. 34, \$2.95; No. 35, \$3.00; No. 36, \$3.05; No. 37, \$3.10; No. 38, \$3.15; No. 39, \$3.20; No. 40, \$3.25; No. 41, \$3.30; No. 42, \$3.35; No. 43, \$3.40; No. 44, \$3.45; No. 45, \$3.50; No. 46, \$3.55; No. 47, \$3.60; No. 48, \$3.65; No. 49, \$3.70; No. 50, \$3.75; No. 51, \$3.80; No. 52, \$3.85; No. 53, \$3.90; No. 54, \$3.95; No. 55, \$4.00; No. 56, \$4.05; No. 57, \$4.10; No. 58, \$4.15; No. 59, \$4.20; No. 60, \$4.25; No. 61, \$4.30; 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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1875.

This time it is a Sunday-school. Camp-meeting, and its site is the shore of Chautauque Lake, in the south-western corner of New York State, not far from Lake Erie. It is the second annual session upon the ground. Last year the fame of it, with its physical illustration of the Holy Land, its numerous Sunday-school appliances, its speakers of national repute, and its unequalled director, Dr. Vincent, filled the press of the country. Its programme is no less attractive the present year, and its arrangements for personal comfort will be found to be largely improved. Fourteen days of study, amid the most attractive natural scenery, discussions, normal instruction, preaching and praying, upon Sunday-school themes and interests, can but be profitable as well as delightful employment. The great meeting opens August third, and closes upon the seventeenth. The Erie road from New York City lands passengers at Jamestown, where our late New England Presiding Elder Flood, of Concord, N. H., is now the stationed pastor, and from thence there is a charming sail across the Lake to the beautiful grounds which have been appropriated to this summer Sunday-school encampment.

The great reforms are seeking the people at their summer resorts. In all our large Camp-meeting villages days are now set apart and devoted to the consideration of the temperance question, in its various phases, social, political, domestic and moral. Great good will be effected by these occasions. But, above everything besides and beneath all these reforms, and all national reforms, we need a great spiritual reformation. When mature politicians, like Charles Francis Adams, are awakened to the manifest call for such a deep, thorough, all-pervading work of God as this; when they look around for another Wesley or Whitefield, and see no effective cure for the evils of the hour but in a new spiritual era, it certainly is time for the Church to arise and cry mightily unto God that He will call, sanctify and send out into society such holy and devoted instruments to awaken the people, and breathe afresh upon the Christian Church, and say, "receive ye the Holy Ghost."

The great Council of the Presbyterian Church, held last week in London, appears to be a long and successful step towards a common faith and a similar form of ecclesiastical government. Rev. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, N. J., presided over the London assembly, and made an eloquent and persuasive speech. The Council, having settled its basis of union, will proceed to consider questions of general interest to the community, seek the welfare of weak, oppressed Churches, collect and distribute information about the Church, and entertain all subjects connected with the work of evangelization. The next Council will be held in Edinburgh in 1876, and the succeeding one in the United States.

What an excellent precedent is this for Methodism. Why may not something broader even than a fraternal camp-meeting be devised and consummated? How adorable a scheme it would be to secure an ecclesiastical Methodist Council in London, to consider common and world-wide interests connected with Christ's kingdom upon the earth. Cannot Bishop Simpson arrange such a meeting while he is abroad?

The *Northwestern* has a very remarkable paragraph. It declares, without previous explanation, that "it is a boy," and adds, without any more definiteness, that it "weighs ten pounds." Light begins to dawn with the next sentence, as the editor affirms that the father of this neuter pronoun is Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, who is happy enough, and is receiving congratulations upon the result of his Scotch American alliance. The many Eastern friends of the delighted father join in equally hearty congratulations, and trust that it will be spared to prove a great comfort to the home, and a blessing to the world.

We can bear ready testimony to the following item in the *Northwestern*: "Rev. O. H. Warren, editor in charge of the *Northwestern Advocate*, Syracuse, N. Y., is making an excellent paper. We heartily commend him upon his success, so far." In which well-merited compliment we sincerely join.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Sunday-school conventions of every description are now in order; and, as there may be some danger of exhausting the standing themes of discussion, it may not be a work of supererogation to suggest a few criticisms which may be profitably considered at such gatherings.

1. Has not the multiplication of machinery tended somewhat to crowd out of our schools a class of mature, devoted, but somewhat unlettered teachers, and to draw into their places quite young, inexperienced, and not specially spiritually-minded instructors? The new modes are not a little intricate. It requires no ordinary intelligence to obtain the complete idea of them.

While common minds, with some study and reading, could teach and illustrate the former plain Bible lessons, it requires a pretty rich imagination, a quite generous amount of reading and hours of study to bring out into their proper relations all the divisions of a modern lesson, and illustrate and enforce it so as to interest and instruct a

class of boys and girls. These excellent men and women, exemplary in spirit and life, ardent in Christian affection, who are particularly adapted by the force of personal assimilation to draw young people into loving relations to the truth; who could, in the limited leisure of a busy life, prepare themselves to explain, illustrate and enforce a simple Scripture lesson, shrink from the perhaps imaginary difficulties, the involved arrangements, the elaborate analysis, the exact definitions, and the, to them, complicated plan of instruction now in vogue. They soon silently drop out of their seats, and younger persons, of far less moral power and personal religious influence, are drafted into the service. Let us remember how critical, intellectually and morally, is this period in life; how ineffaceable are the impressions made upon the mind; how susceptible, through the special grace of the Holy Spirit, to religious truth; how rapidly these hours and this state of heart and mind pass away, never to return,—and we can not but be impressed with the vital importance of securing in the training of these young persons, above everything else, a devout and intelligent instructor, capable and earnest in the work of drawing the child, in the use of the truth, Christward. We have known young persons whose prejudices against religion, arising from aversion to an unfeeling and unspiritual Sunday-school teacher in early youth, have grown into positive opposition to the religious sentiments of the Church where they worshipped when children, and hardened into doubts as to the foundations of revealed religion. We are surprised that intelligent ministers and Christian laymen are not more deeply impressed with the importance of surrounding this susceptible age in human life with all possible wholesome and positive spiritual influences, and bestowing upon it the wisest and most practical instructions. The day-school is for the training of young scholars—the Sunday-school for young Christians. The problem of modes and means for the latter is always to be considered with this end in view. The first and prime step is to bring the heart of the child into personal harmony with the Gospel, and to positive relations with the Church itself.

2. From the fact that the Sunday-school is not, as it ought to be, a real part of the Church, led by its pastor, and instructed or sustained by the presence of every member, except for the same reasons that one might properly be absent from the public services, the culture of the school is not Churchward. The studies of the school indeed prepare the pupil to appreciate the preached Word, and from it many are annually, in seasons of religious interest, drawn into the pastoral fold. But these hold only a very small relation to the whole number belonging to the school. The painful fact is, that many of the children, for years, never attend the services of the sanctuary. They rarely see the minister; and if he is not, what is significantly called a "Sunday-school man," they never hear him speak. There is nothing occurs in the School to draw out their affections towards him, or in the direction of the Church. The School comprehends all their religious worship. They come to it, and go from it, without entering the place of public service. No habit of regular attendance upon Sabbath preaching is formed and nourished, and no relation between the young scholar and the Church of the Lord Jesus is suggested until, in some providential religious excitement, the little ones are asked to rise for prayers. Then perhaps some positive Christian instruction may be given; a religious class for the children may be formed; and some of the trusting young believers may be brought forward into the bosom of the Church itself.

Now, where is the missing link? Why should not the pastor of the lambs as well as of the sheep hold the same relation to one as to the other? When does he discharge his divinely appointed offices to them? When does he feed them, and thus testify to his love for and obedience to his great Master, who is constantly calling for the "little ones"? Is not the discipline of the school now, unintentionally, doubtless, but really and seriously, from, rather than towards the Church? Are they not two, rather than one? Is not a spiritual revival just as necessary, and almost as difficult of awakening, among the children of a Sunday-school as among those that do not enjoy religious training? Have we not, after all, failed on the spiritual side of these religious schools, and made the mistake of culturing our childhood outside instead of inside the Church. The positive relation and the act of confirmation in the Romish and English Churches only need to be properly used, interpreted and enforced, to be lively and living bonds, informed of the Holy Spirit, binding our young children to the Church of their fathers and to the Cross of the Lord Jesus.

We have not space to call attention to the fact that this peculiar position which the Sunday-school holds tends to induce within it that secular atmosphere which is so apparent. It constantly loses, in the minds of its managers, its real significance. It sinks into a simple scene of study and innocent gratification, with religious textbooks and decent regard for proprieties. But it is sustained outside of religious forces. It runs upon secular lines. It must have interesting libraries, but not necessarily religious. It must have lively public occasions, with operatic or sensational singing and dramatic performances. It demands

feasts and festivals, and they are given, with such generous indulgence of personal liberty that police officers have to attend them to restrain the little street Arabs, who find nothing uncongenial in a modern Sunday-school picnic to their uncultivated tastes. We simply allude to this as a significant intimation of the fact that, with all our sweet sentiment in reference to these "nurseries of the Church," they are, after all, outside and not inside the Christian fold; they are secular, and not positively religious. Doubtless they would not be as popular if they were; but then the final results might be more wholesome.

UNWELCOME GUESTS.

We are not at all astonished at the fact that some two hundred of the expelled Jesuits have openly landed on our shores, and have been received with waving banners and tinkling cymbals by their friends on this side of the water, and conducted to a safe retreat in the West, where they will not wait long for something to turn up to their fancy.

The advance made in this movement is nothing in the world but its publicity and openness. The Jesuits have been drifting this way for years, but have been doing it quietly, and below board; now they crowd the decks of the arriving vessels, and are greeted by troops of expectant friends, eager to do them homage and give them their peculiar employment. They go West, because it is their custom to possess the land, and shape it to their purposes as it grows; that it may verily be bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.

They have cultivated the soil of these States until they have not only taken deep root, but are also even now gathering rich harvests. The day was when they concealed their habilliments and title; now they glory in them both. Even their educational institutions boldly place after their names in the catalogue the initials of "S. J." (Society of Jesus), as we do our "A. M." They are, therefore, fairly and openly at work, with the advantage of a platform, constructed secretly, at their pleasure, and with just such planks as they know will best support them in their intent to possess an impregnable foothold. The question that one naturally asks is, "what are they after, and what is their policy?" To which we reply that they intend simply to carry out the policy adopted since their organization, and faithfully adhered to, through good and evil report and fortune.

They are nothing else than political adventurers, who wear the garb of heaven for evil purposes, and use their Church as an engine of oppression over the masses, and a means of aggrandizement for themselves. They are the very essence of unrest and agitation, and the impregnation of the principle of rule or ruin. Their doctrine is that the State belongs to the Church, and the Church belongs to them, and they hurl anathemas on all who oppose them in the development of this theory. Since the days of their organization there never has been anything but enforced quiet wherever they have been allowed to exist; and to-day they are at sword-points with nearly every civilized nation on the globe.

As for expulsion, they are used to it. They have been expelled, again and again, from every country where they have acquired power, because they have misused it. Catholic France has driven them out several times; and even ultra-Catholic Spain, the ever loyal gem of the Church, has turned them out of its borders to save itself from being turned out of its own possessions. And thus we might run over the category of European States, and Catholic States at that, which, at one time or another in the course of their history, have been obliged to defend themselves against their ecclesiastical usurpations within the province of political power.

The peculiar feature of their present migration is their expulsion from Prussia—a Protestant State—around which they have been weaving their nets for the last fifty years, until it awakes to learn that they are so dangerous as political emissaries that no one thing is left to be done, namely, to expel them by main force of law. And the peculiar feature of their arrival here is the fact that they come to a Protestant country as their Promised Land, which they evidently intend to possess, in due season. Of course many will pooh! pooh! this, and bid us calm our fears. But we refuse to cry "peace" where there is no peace.

We would ask our indifferent countrymen, Where is the land in which these men are at peace? Prussia is almost rent in two by them; Russia is in continual struggle with them; and there is not a Catholic State in Europe, from Belgium to Austria, that is not even now uneasy on account of their machinations. All South America is in antagonism with them because of their interference with the Free Masons, as they tolerate no secret organization but their own.

It is not natural to expect that these men mean peace to us when they cry war to all others. For the last few years the Papal utterances to various delegations from this country have clearly showed us that Pontifical hopes are resting here to build up a power that shall compensate for the loss of influence on their soil, where they are best known. They look to America as a prolific field, because of the unexampled liberty to all sects of sentiments, and especially because of the possibility to all men of political preferment. They understand human nature well enough to know that here there are tens of thousands ready to part with their birthright for a mess of pottage—to sell

their vote to any power that will give them place. And they are not mistaken!

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY.

The July number opens with an article by Dr. A. Winchell, of the Syracuse University, on "The Religious Nature of Savages." The drift of the article is to prove that the lowest savage has a religious susceptibility, and that the reports of travelers contradicting this are mistakes resulting from the difficulty of communication with the most degraded tribes, their natural religious reticence, a neglect of the fainter traces of religious feeling, and the propensities of missionaries, that religion must always be based on direct revelation. Often the first reports are contradicted by a more intimate acquaintance. The article evinces wide and careful research, keen analysis, clear classification, and concise tabulation of results. The connection of the intellectual and the religious natures is strikingly presented, showing the dependence of religion upon knowledge. Darwin finds it necessary to show traces of piety in the lower animals in order to account for man's religious nature on the theory of development. But Dr. W. carefully discriminates between physical fear in a brute and fear in a savage, arising from a notion of superior existence, and of danger beyond the range of the senses. The study of this paper awakens in the Christian reader devout thanksgivings for the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and quickens the desire to send the Gospel to those who are sitting in the region and shadow of death.

The second paper is from the pen of Dr. D. Buck, D. D., of the Central New York Conference, on "The Millennium and the Advent." In a Scriptural argument, of great sweep and irresistible power, he demonstrates that the Advent will precede the Millennium. The presumptions favorable to this conclusion are, first, the primitive belief of the Church; secondly, the primitive belief of the reformed Protestant Church; and thirdly, the belief of the chief founders of the modern Protestant sects, from Calvin down to C. Wesley and Fletcher. His extended Scriptural argument is founded on Isa. xi, the 2d Psalm, Matt. xxiv, Dan. ix, the parable of the tares and the wheat, and of the pounds. We can give no outline of this very remarkable article, which every thoughtful man, especially every preacher, should read and ponder, and ask himself the question whether he is not neglecting to use one of the sharpest arrows in all the quiver of Revelation—the immediate, personal coming of Jesus Christ, to reward His friends and to punish His enemies. Because this great truth was tarnished by the extravagances of the Millerite movement, it is to be given up, as no part of the Word of God? If we adopt the principle of giving up all abused truths, we shall soon have none left in our creed. The error of the modern so-called Second Adventists is not their preaching the coming of Christ, but their perpetual cyphering and wretched attempts at divining the time of that great event. Let us preach it as did Paul and Peter—yea, and the Lord Jesus himself, as the great motive to repentance, as imminent to-day. Dr. Buck is known in his Conference as a preacher of rare ability. A few such articles as this would make his name familiar throughout the whole Church.

THOMAS A. MORRIS, D. D., is the subject of the next article, by Dr. Wentworth, of Cincinnati. This is an interesting review of the life of the twelfth Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, written by Rev. John F. Marley. In this sketch the heroic age of Methodist preachers passes in review. "During the two years of his Kentucky Presiding Eldership he broke down two horses, traveled eight thousand miles, preached five hundred times, and received for all his services less than the cost of the two horses." The man who could endure such hardships was a very appropriate candidate for the episcopacy, in which office Bishop Morris did good service. Though for sixteen years he was the senior Bishop, he was never the controlling mind. Conservative on the slavery question, by his education in the border States, he was intensely in earnest for the destruction of that relic of barbarism which it threatened the life of our republic. May the episcopacy ever be filled with as pure and devout men as was T. A. Morris! His biography should be an inspiration to all young men called to the Christian ministry with only a slender, common school education.

Prof. Wm. Wells gives us a delightful talk on "Hells" Life and Literature in the Fatherland." The genial modern language professor of Union College is the most charming conversationalist in America. His pen keeps pace with his tongue. Dr. Hurst's book is the starting-point of a charming review of German schools, just rambling enough to make the paper desirable reading for one's vacation rambles. We are specially pleased with the plain words uttered against overdoing in the practice of sending American youth abroad for education. Only a few are prepared to appropriate the instructions of the German universities. "Scores of our youth make a pretense of attending German universities when they are really dawdling away their time, and borrowing peacock feathers with which to adorn themselves."

"Upham on the Star of the Nativity" is the theme of the next paper, by Dr. J. T. Crane. The purpose of Prof. U. is to prove that the Magi were Persians; that the Hebrew prophecies, including that of Balaam, respecting "a star out of Jacob," came to the knowledge of the Persians when Darius conquered Babylon; that they began to look for

the star; that a literal fixed star, in the depths of space, sent its light on its long journey earthward, reaching the eyes of the pious Magi at the birth of Jesus; and that it has shone in the firmament ever since, and that a pencil of its rays was by refraction condensed into a point of light resembling a star, to guide them to the place where the young child was. Dr. Crane rejects this theory of the star, as improbable, and favors a miraculous phosphorescence, like the pillar of fire in the wilderness, moving before the Magi in the streets of Bethlehem, and standing over the manger. Yet he commends the style and spirit of the book, as "a lofty psalm of praise, a liturgy of holiest worship, in which Christ is all in all."

Prof. Martin, of the University of the City of New York, contributes the sixth article, on "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer." The sophisms into which this great writer has fallen, in carrying out to its logical result Sir Wm. Hamilton's inconceivable of the absolute and the infinite, are very clearly pointed out by the reviewer. He shows how a devout spirit, such as Hamilton, may unwittingly lay foundations on which an ungodly philosopher may build a skeptical system. Hamilton took the infinite out of the category of logical, or formulated thought, and put it into the category of faith. Spencer, following out the same line of reasoning, denies that the infinite can be the object of faith. Prof. M. shows how near Spencer came to harmonizing science and revelation when he lays down, as his sole, basal truth, the persistence of force. Make this force an attribute of intelligent mind, and you have the God of the Bible, or theism. Declare, with Spencer, that it is forever unknowable, and you have atheism, or, what is little better for a hungry soul, pantheism. The article is well worth reading, not in a hammock at Martha's Vineyard, with sunbaked powers, but in your library, in the most wakeful and vigorous mood of your faculties.

The last article is "Tourette," by Dr. R. Rust. Here we have a sight which would have been a sore trial to the disciples of a former age—a Methodist preacher in raptures over a novel! The justification is that it is a good one, a faithful copy of nature, marked in the entire plot by verisimilitude, and brings prominently before the mind the great American problem of the intellectual and spiritual reconstruction of the ex-slave, the ex-master, and the poor white. The great objection to teaching historical and moral truths through fiction is well expressed by Dr. Samuel Johnson. He had been reading a book of African explorations, and remarked to Boswell that it was not more than half of it true. Boswell replied, "let us then believe half of it." "Ah, there is the difficulty," said the great moralist. "We don't know which half!" Dr. R.'s article is so glowing that we are afraid that our Methodist bookstores will be flooded with orders for "Tourette." But if it intensifies the interest in our Southern Christian work, and increases the contributions, it will not be a waste of time and money to buy and read this book of fiction.

The synopses of the *Quarterlies* and the Book Table are as discriminating and as valuable as ever.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The duty of sending missionaries into Roman Catholic countries is sometimes seriously questioned by intelligent Protestant Christians; but such a revelation as has been made of South American Romanism, within a few weeks, must remove all doubts on this point. We know of no pagan country, at this day, more barbarous and more violent than that of the world's history, where a more brutal act of superstition and violence could have occurred than the late terrible riot in the Republic of Salvador. It took place in San Miguel, a city of 40,000 inhabitants. The government of the Republic had refused to permit a traitorous pastoral of the Catholic Bishop to be read in the churches, and certain municipal regulations had irritated the lower class of citizens. A priest, named Palacios, preached a riotous sermon against the city authorities on Sunday, and that evening a mob attacked the prison and liberated two hundred criminals. They then assaulted the garrison, killed the officers, and cut up the guard with fiendish cruelty. Following this they set fire to the city, and had it not been for the providential interposition of a British man-of-war, which landed its marines and put down the mob, the whole place would have been laid in ashes. Robbery, pillage and fire destroyed property to the amount of a million dollars. But what has this to do with the Roman Church? Mobes are sometimes unrestrained in a Protestant cities. This is its connection: On persons of the rioters who were killed in the encounter, a number of instances, were found passports directly to heaven, reading as follows: "Peter, open to the bearer the gates of heaven, who has died for religion." This remarkable certificate of character, and check for paradise, was signed by George, Bishop of Salvador, and bears the seal of the Bishopric of San Salvador. There certainly is room here for preaching a Gospel of purity and of peace, and this is what this great and still undeveloped continent at the South of us needs.

We have not entered into the newspaper controversy upon the Indian abuse question, simply because, in the present condition of it, it is quite impossible to form a safe or correct opinion of its merits. We have not had the slightest doubt that there are serious and outrageous wrongs and frauds perpetrated upon our Indian wards, but the difficulty has been to discover the right head upon which to visit a righteous indignation. We have long felt that the whole system of Indian administration was vicious. Nothing can be more fatal to human development than to keep men in a condition of constant pupillage and dependency. We have made our unhappy copper-colored brethren simply puppets, running wild, exposed to the worst influences, wasting away under the blight of intemperance, encouraged to depend upon annual subsidies, which, while inadequate to give entire support, have been sufficient to engender habits of idleness and improvidence. We have been content, from personal knowledge in many instances, that some of

the best men of the nation have been in the management of our Indian affairs. The old and present Indian Board, with General Clinton Fisk at its head, was, and is still above suspicion. The men that have been nominated by religious Societies, to be the special agents among the various tribes, have, many of them, been high minded and Christian citizens, but they may have, some of them, lacked judgment, and even become demoralized amid the temptations and opportunities afforded by their helpless wards. We cannot think of Rev. Mr. Smith, the Indian Commissioner, whom we have known for a score of years as a faithful and conscientious man, as giving the slightest countenance to such manifest iniquities as Prof. Marsh now charges upon the Indian Bureau. He may have failed in his judgment in the appointment of subordinate officers, in organizing his great work, and in not being sufficiently vigilant in following up suspicious intimations in reference to his agents; but we are rather disposed to believe the chief trouble is to be found in higher quarters. Besides, it is the system itself—in its want of simplicity and efficiency, its multifarious distributing agencies, the annual gifts themselves, which may be snatched by unprincipled men, with the free use of liquor, at once from the hands of the Indians, and which, if received, entail the most serious consequences upon the recipients. Somewhere here is the chief evil to be sought. Religion, perhaps enforced education, their citizenship, and the care of government of themselves and what the Indian and every other man needs. An admirable commission, composed of Ex-Governor Thomas C. Fletcher of Missouri, Hon. Charles J. Faulkner of West Virginia, and Hon. B. W. Harris of Connecticut, are now at work, investigating charges, and we trust looking into the whole plan of the Indian administration.

The "Minutes of the Eleventh Annual Session of the India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church" has just reached us. The Conference was held at Shanghai, China, January 6 to 12. These "Minutes" form a stout octavo pamphlet, published at the mission press, of 100 pages. The reports of the Presiding Elders, of the Conference proceedings, upon the usual church and religious topics, are full of interest. We shall try to secure a careful review of it. Of the *Lucknow Witness*, under the editorship of Rev. James Mudge, which is published by an Association like Zion's Herald, and is a very handsome paper, always well filled with valuable literary, Oriental and religious articles and attractive miscellany, the report says, "It is constantly increasing in circulation, which is certainly the best proof that the editorial management, in manner and spirit, is approved, especially as no premiums are offered to increase its circulation. It is well worthy a place in every Christian family in India, and, in its increased size, it gives more and better religious reading matter than can be obtained anywhere in India for the same money. Its news items are invaluable. It has now the largest circulation of any paper of its kind in India."

As we entered Wesleyan University at the commencement in 1877, the valedictorian of the preceding class, whom we now well remember as he stood upon the stage in his young manhood, was Charles Collins. He was a man of fine appearance and address, and well-deserved his pre-eminence in a somewhat remarkable class, which numbered among its members such men as Dr. Currier, Rev. Wm. Heyer, Dr. Willard M. Rice, Dr. E. Wentworth, Dr. E. E. Wiley, and Dr. Thomas Sewall (who did take a full course). He was twenty-four when he graduated, and sixty-two at the time of his death, in Memphis, Tenn., July 16. He was a native of Yarmouth, Me., and the year after his graduation he was principal of the High School in Augusta. In 1838 he joined the Maine Conference, but was transferred to the Holston Conference, having been elected president of Emory and Henry College, Va. He was a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South in 1856, and at the last session of this body he was one of the prominent names mentioned as candidates for the Episcopal office. Centenary College, in Louisiana, gave him his doctorate in 1851, and the succeeding year he was elected president of Dickinson College. His name has also been brought forward, and favorably received, when his Alma Mater has been without a head, as a prominent scholar and scholar, and not unworthy to succeed to the charge of her interests. He assumed the responsibilities, which he bore at the time of his death, as president of the State Female College at Memphis, in 1860, and has had a high and wide repute in the Southern portion of the country for his culture and executive ability. He was a polished and thoughtful man, of engaging manners, an able and eloquent preacher, and a very successful educator of the young. He married Miss Harriet N. Hart, of Princeton, N. J., in 1841, who survives him, with a large family of children. All the members of his family (seven children) were present in his dying chamber. He closed his life in the enjoyment of his faculties, and in great peace of mind. He assured his wife that his whole trust was in Christ, and he was ready to go hence, if it were God's will. When the power of speech was lost, says the *Western Methodist*, "a sweet and heavenly smile illumined his countenance, and left its impress there after the soul had escaped its earthly tenement."

The *Richmond Advocate* of July 15, contains the very grateful and handsome report of appreciation by President James A. Duncan of Randolph Macon College, of a gift from a stranger, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "a small country merchant," he calls himself, of Western New York. He made a donation of \$500 to the college of his own State, at Syracuse, and, reading of the necessities of the Virginia institution, he sends to the President an unasked-for draft for \$100, "for the Christian education of young men." The letter that accompanies it is written in a delightful spirit of piety and fraternity. Dr. Duncan truly says:—

"Fraternity like this is distinct and noble. No one can misunderstand it. We invoke a thousand blessings on our generous brother, and pray that the Lord may abundantly reward him. I hope, as he says, there are thousands in the North, who would like to help in this work."

Such acts are better than resolutions, editorials, or fraternal meetings.

St. Louis has a new practical idea, just crystallized into the form of a highly ornamental fountain. Messrs. L. S. and M. King have erected on the sidewalk in front of their insurance office a marble column, with a fountain above, dispensing 5,000 gallons of water daily, constantly filtered and tempered with ice; below, two clocks, a barometer and a thermometer are conveniently arranged. Ten nickel faucets and drinking cups render the generous provision to the thirsty citizens available. Elaborate public services gathered thousands to its dedication, last week. Some called the affair a

shrewd advertising arrangement, but all agreed that it would be a delightful precedent to follow, even if the noblest form of charity were not its highest inspiration. Who will be the first ice-water-advertiser in Boston?

Miss Olive C. Miller writes from Howard Springs, Cumberland County, Tennessee, July 11: "I take the liberty of addressing you in behalf of a Sunday-school near here, organized among the 'poor whites' (there are no blacks in this community). The school numbers fifty members, or more, of all ages, from small children to mature years. Many of them can read, and some are fairly intelligent and devoted receive instruction. But they have no books. We have distributed some religious papers, and that is all. There has been some talk about raising money for books, but they are poor, we are poor, and the sum, if anything, would be pitifully small. Do you not know of some wealthy school which has an old library they would give away? I know such a thing is often done, but I do not know to whom to apply. If you could put us in communication with such a school you would be doing a good deed. A set of Sunday-school singing books would be very acceptable. If a little out of date it would be just as well here. Books adapted to adults as well as children, and those containing some information on Biblical matters would be most useful, as you need not be told there is a lamentable ignorance of almost everything one ought to know."

We shall be happy to be the organ of communication between any generous school and this zealous Christian worker.

We are inclined to accord with the opinion of the *Christian Register* in reference to the first issue, that, with all its ability, breadth of scholarship and affirmed impartiality of criticism, in its treatment of public men and review of their political acts,—

"It seems to delight in insulting men of self-culture into reluctant hostility to higher institutions of learning which are apparently made ridiculous by the attacks of the President and contemporary pride. Unless we mistake its spirit, it would have sneered at Washington's qualifications for the Presidency, and it would also have sneered at Lincoln's fitness for a foreign mission. Consistency would require it to scoff at Abraham Lincoln. If this republican country has been degenerating steadily for fifty years, we cannot imagine from what mysterious source it has obtained its present position of comfort and hope for the future which sustains it under its present aristocratic depression."

The Preachers' Meeting last Monday was addressed by Rev. N. O. Westergren, editor of the *Sandsheden*, the Scandinavian paper of our Church. He preaches to the class of Swedes which has been gathered in Wesleyan Hall, and has good hopes of establishing a vigorous Scandinavian Church in this city at an early day. Rev. George C. Vanderveer, of the Sidney Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Richmond, Va., was present. He preached a fine sermon in Malden, for Rev. D. C. Knowles, on last Sabbath. He made a very pleasant start as a pastor.

An interesting lecture by Dr. Brown-Bequard, on some new views concerning the localization of the functions of the brain, will appear in an early number of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. Other important articles are announced, including one on the treatment of typhoid fever by cold water, by Prof. E. T. Edes, and one on the non-restraint method adopted for the treatment of the insane, by Dr. Fraser's Asylum in England. This journal is published by H. O. Houghton & Co.

If there are any persons possessing copies of the old *Methodist Magazine* for the years 1818 (vol. 1) and 1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829, and are willing to part with them for love and money, they will confer a very great favor by sending word to this office. And a copy of the General Minutes of the Methodist Annual Conferences, vol. 1, is very much desired.

The Treasurer of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church desires to acknowledge the receipt from Mrs. Mary Greenleaf, of East New Portland, Maine (per Rev. I. McAnn, of Montpelier, Vt.), of Five Hundred Dollars, the bequest of Miss Mary Mann, late of East New Portland, Maine, deceased.

R. NELSON, Treas.

The second number of *The Wide Awake*, for children, is out, and is true to its name. Stories by Rostler, Johnson, George MacDonald, and the editor, Ella Furman, make pleasing reading for the little folks. Dr. E. Tourje, well known to all, has an article on learning music by note.

The decease of Rev. R. B. Yard, of the Newark (N. J.) Conference, pastor of the Church in Elizabeth City, is announced. He was buried on Tuesday last. Brother Yard occupied a deservedly high position in the confidence of his brethren, and was a truly devoted Christian minister. His loss will be painfully felt. But the heavenly funeral has another star, to glitter there eternally.

Robert Carter & Brothers say in a circular, "since the publication of 'Twelve Months in Madagascar,' an elaborate Map of the Island has been prepared, at great expense, copies of which will be furnished without charge to all purchasers of the book who will send us their address."

The real name of the charming writer whose delightful stories have enjoyed such a deserved popularity, under the title of "Saxe-Holm," is Ruth Ellis, a resident of a village near Utica, N. Y.

THE LESSER HYMNAL.—Dr. H. W. Warren has done it. It was easy enough to make an egg stand on end, when once you knew how; but it took a Columbus first to show how it was to be done. So, though some may think it a very easy thing to make a Hymn-book, i. e., the Hymn-book which is the desire of the whole Methodist Church, certainly it is that the Church has hitherto waited long and patiently, and in vain for the coveted boon. But, while others have been debating concerning the matter, our friend, Dr. Warren, assisted by Dr. Tourje, has, in our judgment, produced just the Hymnal so long and so earnestly needed, and one which will prove adapted to universal use. It is cheap and portable—\$21.00 per hundred. Its mechanical execution is superb. It contains very nearly, if not quite, all the hymns that will ever be employed by us, in either sanctuary or social worship. I cannot think of more than a half dozen hymns or tunes which I would have retained that are omitted, or omitted that are retained. And after a few editions, or revisions, these things will naturally adjust themselves. For any part I can't see what earthly use, for purposes of praise, the Church will ever have of any other hymnal than this for any kind of religious service whatsoever. This, most undoubtedly, not only form the nucleus, but constitutes the substance of the

future Methodist hymn-book for ages. The great bulk of the hymns now dropped are doubtless dropped forever [See HERALD.] The hymn-book problem is virtually solved, thanks to Dr. H. W. Warren. R. H. H.

Jesse Lee's Picture.

A great many efforts have been made by authors and publishers to obtain a picture of Rev. Jesse Lee, but thus far in vain. A traditional report, however, that a number of his pictures were to be found, in the early days of Methodism, in different parts of New England, induces me thus publicly to solicit any information leading to the finding of any kind of picture of this apostle of the early pamphlets or magazines of Methodism. I have been able to find in a note, received from his nephew and biographer, Rev. Leroy M. Lee, D. D., which says, "fifty years ago there was in our family a portrait of Rev. Jesse Lee. I have sought it in vain, for some years past, and have given it up as lost. The only survivor of the family that had it thinks it is irretrievably gone. Sorry that, in other cases of inquiry, I can afford neither relief nor hope."

Twenty years ago there appeared, at the Methodist Book Rooms in Boston, an old man from somewhere in Maine, who claimed great familiarity with early Methodism in and about Boston, and who also represented himself to have been one of the young men who carried the table to Boston Common, upon which Mr. Lee stood when he preached his first sermon under the Old Elm. If any further information can be given, relative to either the picture or the old man mentioned above, it will be of valuable service to, and will be gratefully received by J. W. HAMILTON, At the Church in Temple Street, Boston.

THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.
England.—A new treaty for the suppression of the slave trade has been concluded with the Sultan of Zanzibar, now in England. A motion in the House of Commons, by Sir Charles Dilke, to secure a fuller and more equal representation of the people, failed, 120 to 100. The Duke of Argyll's family are settling a good example to young lords, and young "gentlemen" in general, who think that gentility consists in pleasure-seeking. One son, Lord Campbell, is a London stock broker (Hobart, Wagg & Campbell), a second is a Liverpool coal-dealer, and a third is studying law.

France.—During a warm debate in the Assembly the Bonapartists gained an advantage which seems to threaten some difficulty in working the government with a majority in opposition to the constitutional bill. But the Republic is gaining in strength by the rivalry of parties opposed to it, the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and Bonapartists (or Imperialists). A few years of quiet, and of such success as has already been reached, will insure it a permanent existence.

Canada.—Mr. Mackenzie, the new prime minister, is said to be a man of great personal worth, a true statesman, and an earnest Christian.

Germany.—In Germany there are nearly 50,000 "Old Catholics" of whom 15,705 are in Prussia. In Baden they form the majority in 14 parishes.

Spain.—An amendment to the new constitutional provision for securing religious liberty, proposed by the Ultramarine party, has been rejected by a vote of 26 to 10 in the Constitutional Committee. The Pope's demand upon Alfonso to restore "unity of worship," i. e., to prohibit Protestant worship, has signally failed.

Ireland.—The Irish Presbyterian Church numbers 109,196 communicants. It raised last year, for all Church purposes, \$12,205.

Liberty.—In the Legislative Assembly native chiefs have been admitted as delegates—a new thing.—An Englishman, in aid of a survey of the country between St. Paul's River and the Joliba branch of the Niger, offers to give \$2,500.

DOMESTIC.
Dr. Bowditch recommends that habitual inebriates be deprived of the suffrage and of the privilege of holding public office. When Boston made his second trip across the English Channel he substituted strong tea for brandy, by advice of his physician, and greatly to his advantage.

The government revenue from distilled and fermented strong drink and liquors and tobacco in the last Federal Revenue District of New York (Brooklyn) is \$3,889,963.19.

The "murder of the innocents" may be effected with great certainty by the use of Mrs. Winslow's Sore Throat Syrup. It has been ascertained that it has killed hundreds of infants, and ruined the health of thousands more. Dr. Harlow says that the amount sold every year contains more than 15,000 grains of morphia. Good Mrs. Winslow, who has such tender sympathy for crying children and tormented parents, is, as is well known, a myth. She is *he*. Better let your infants cry than dose them with this poisonous compound.

Loader and Price have been indicted for perjury.

Rhode Island has a population of 235,132; Providence, 100,648.

The International Postal Union for low and uniform rates of postage between the United States and all the European States went into effect July 1, and that between the United States and France begins January 1, 1876.

Sea-Grove (Delaware Bay) has been formally inaugurated as a Presbyterian summer residence—"a Presbyterian city by the sea." At the splendid hotel the *cuisine* will, we suppose, be according to the "Presbyterian Cook-book." Cooking *à la Calvin*, Knox, and Co. must furnish some tough bits for delicate stomachs. Servetians roads, we presume, will hardly find place in the bill of fare. The "old school" will here give place to the "new."

Secretary Bristow is still on the war path against the whiskey rings. He has dismissed 66 government officials for complicity with the ring, or culpable negligence; seized 47 distilleries and rectifying establishments; and assessed taxes against distillers and retailers to the amount of \$604,000. And still the war goes on.

Gen. Tombs, of Georgia, still expects to call his roll on Bunker Hill, evidently having never heard of the abolition of slavery. He is blind and deaf, but unfortunately not dumb. "I want," he says, "no fraternity with States or people without liberty or equality." How dreadful!

"Hark! from the Tombs a dolorous sound." There appears to be a vigorous prosecution of violators of the Liquor License Law in this State.

The Charleston (S. C.) Washington Light Infantry have invited the Boston Light Infantry Association to attend the Fort Moultrie Centennial.

Chief Clerk Avery of the United States Treasury Department has been indicted at St. Louis for participation in the whiskey frauds.

The Chamberlain administration in South Carolina is bringing to justice official evil-

doors. Packer has been found guilty of embezzling \$75,000.

An investigation is being had in New York of the charges made by Prof. Marsh against Secretary Delano and others, with reference to Indian frauds.

The Atlantic for August has a poem by James Russell Lowell, "Under the Great Elm," and one by Dr. Holmes, "Old Cambridge."

The "fire-eating" oration of Gen. Preston before the Alumni of the Virginia University, so abusive of the North, was, says an alumnus, heard with "a surprise, grief, and indignation as profound as they were universal."

At a charter-election, Cartersville, Geo., the colored vote gave 53 majority for licensing the sale of liquor.

Mr. I. C. Mitchell, of New York (blessed name), has begun legal proceedings to test the constitutionality of the law of the last Congress doubling the postage on mail matter of the third class. His argument is that the objectionable clause originated in the Senate, which has no power to originate revenue bills.

The death of Athanasius Joaze Coquerel, the eminent Protestant minister, is announced. He obtained by his doctrines and writings a notoriety among Protestants; and in some degree of his views relative to M. Renan's "Vie de Jesus" he was suspended from his functions by the Consistory of Paris in May, 1864, and was the author of several religious works, which obtained for him considerable fame. He spent the winters of 1871-72 in the United States, on a preaching and lecturing tour.

The Hon. W. B. Lawton of Warren, R. I., member of the commission for building the State Prison, was stricken by paralysis on Saturday in the streets in Providence, and last evening remained speechless, but apparently improving, at his home in Warren.

The venerable Dr. William Prescott, of Concord, is lying very seriously ill, and his physicians have no hope of his rallying again.

Harry C. Haines, 13 years old, shot himself in the head with a pistol while standing at the corner of Groton Street and Shawmut Avenue Saturday last, dying about 11 o'clock that night. About a week ago he stole his mother's gold watch, bank book, and \$80 in money. The watch and bank book he subsequently returned, but he purchased a boat with the money, and sent a note to his mother by his little brother, acknowledging his crime, and asking forgiveness, and was awaiting an answer, when his sister and another lady went to the corner above named to find the wayward boy. Just as one of the ladies laid her hand on his shoulder the boy drew a seven-shooter from his pocket and shot himself.

Mr. Fred de Bos of Salem, a graduate of the Royal College of St. Louis in Paris, and also of the Bangor Theological Seminary, was ordained as Evangelist at the South Church in that city last week. The sermon was delivered by Rev. E. S. Atwood, the ordaining prayer by Rev. George N. Anthony of Peabody, and the charge to the candidate by Rev. Dr. Lapham of Beverly. Rev. H. B. Putnam of the Tabernacle Church, extended the right hand of fellowship. The exercises were all of great interest, and were listened to with much satisfaction by large audiences.

FRIES.—Newtownville, the depot, \$10,000; Grand Rapids, Mich., \$40,000; Dresden, Ontario, Canada, \$25,000; Montreal, Canada, \$15,000; Walcott, N. Y., \$30,000; Cincinnati, O., \$25,000; Covington, Ky., distillery, etc., \$50,000; Newport, N. H., \$11,000; Hartford, Conn., paper mill, \$20,000.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.
South Framingham.—The new camp-ground at this place is rapidly becoming, by its attractive natural features and the divine influences which have attended preceding meetings, one of the most attractive of Eastern Methodism. The open, sunny and cheerful aspect of nature, promotive at once of health and cheerful life, is being gradually improved by the hand of art. New cottages are rising in some parts of the grounds, while cottagers are crowding those already erected; and the Association is also building a large and good house for the superintendent of the grounds.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.
Sunday, August 9.
Lesson VI. John v. 9-19.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY.

JESUS AT BETHESDA.

Leader. 5 And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.

School. 6 When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he said unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?

L. 7 The infirm man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another step down before me.

L. 8 Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.

S. 9 And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked; and on the same day was the Sabbath.

L. 10 The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured,

S. It is the Sabbath day; it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed.

L. 11 He answered them,

S. Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another step down before me.

L. 12 Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed and walk?

S. 13 And he that was healed wist not who it was, for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place.

L. 14 Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

S. 15 The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus which had made him whole.

Jesus is again at Jerusalem, attending a feast. From these occasions He was rarely absent, not so much because of the legal requirement in these cases (Ex. xxiii, 17) as for the opportunities which such gatherings of the people afforded to disseminate His teachings. Words publicly spoken, or works openly performed at such times would secure almost universal attention from the pilgrim multitudes who came up to the holy city, and would be reported on their return in the remotest provinces. Then, too, there was less danger to Jesus of being molested by the rulers at these great anniversaries. Whoever gained the popular ear was seldom interfered with openly by the Sanhedrim, however offensive his doctrines might be. The people were excitable and turbulent, ready on slight occasion to vent their displeasure by a shower of stones, and their leaders stood in awe of them (Matt. xxvi, 5; Mk. xi, 32; Jn. ix, 22).

What feast our Lord now attended—whether the Passover, Pentecost, or Purim (Exh. ix, 21, 26), cannot be determined; nor is the question of much interest, except to settle a chronological difficulty. The important fact was the cure, wrought by Jesus, of the helpless man at Bethesda; and the effects which it produced in intensifying the anger of the Pharisees, and in eliciting from Jesus His "sublime apology" (as Luther calls it), in which He defends His apparent Sabbath-breaking, and vindicates His eternal Sonship. The single utterance contained in verses 28 and 29 is declared by an eminent critic to be "worthy of all the splendid apparatus of miracle which the New Testament records."

On the question of the feast, Sears (Heart of Christ), following Chrysostom, Erasmus, Calvin and the Greek Church, advocates Pentecost (7 weeks after the first passover); Irenaeus, Luther, Grotius, Lightfoot, Kuhnle the second Passover; Olshausen, Meyer, Stier, Wieseler, Farrar and Pressensé favor Purim, which was first suggested by Kepler; Locke, Tholuck, Alford and others agree that no certainty can be arrived at.

That verse 4, in this chapter, is spurious, is generally conceded by Biblical scholars. It is omitted in some of the best manuscripts, marked doubtful in others, is suspiciously full of various readings, contains seven words not elsewhere used in the New Testament (or else used in a different sense), and records a startling fact unlike anything mentioned in Scripture, and not alluded to by a single other writer, Jewish or heathen. It was probably inserted early in the margin, to explain verse 7, and thus crept into the text. Tertullian (A. D. 200) is the first to allude to it (Farrar).

A certain man, etc.—a pitiable case, indeed—a case of chronic, incurable helplessness. The man was probably a paralytic, and some suppose (from verse 14) that his impotency was due to sinful excesses in youth. For thirty-eight weary years he had been a burden to himself and to his friends. His last and only hope of relief centered here, at the water of Bethesda; and this hope was turning into utter despair through want of a friend to help him in at the right moment.

For other cases of long-time infirmity see ch. ix, 1; Luke viii, 43; xlii, 16.—The pool of Bethesda appears to have been an intermittent spring, of medicinal virtues, and much resorted to by those who had lost vital energy—the lame, the withered, victims of paralysis, etc. A five-porched shelter had been built on its edge, for the comfort of those who awaited and watched with eager eyes the periodic agitation of the waters. The first to step in at the right moment experienced relief; but to what extent is not known, verse 4 (see above) being ruled out by the best critics. As to the location of Bethesda there is no agreement. The traditional site proves to be only a part of the most ancient of the old tower of Antonia. Athanasius (about A. D. 350) speaks of the pool as existing in his day, and Eusebius (A. D. 325) described the water as having a red tinge.

Jesus saw him, etc. On that quiet Sabbath Jesus turned His steps toward Bethesda, and walked up and down among the battered and bruised wrecks of humanity that lined its porches, huddled together in every attitude of distress and wretchedness, as though flung up by some wretched wave, and left to die. His sensitive nature was touched to the quick by the sights He saw; but

there was one case so pre-eminently wretched as to arrest His attention, and draw from Him a look of heartfelt pity. A helpless, haggard, hopelessly-crippled old man, past fifty, and looking much older, lay before Him, sunk in a stupor of dejection. His frame showed the ravages of a lifetime of disease, and the expression of his face was that of utter despondency. He had long been worn out of the patience of his friends, and was left to shift for himself, in his infirm old age. Here was a case for the exercise of pure compassion.

Will thou be made whole? "Is it your wish to be restored to health?"—a gracious question, which would have thrilled his heart with hope had he known who the pitying stranger was who asked it. The Great Physician stood beside him, and he knew Him not. Doubtless he felt the sympathy which the question and the speaker's manner indicated.

Sir, I have no man, etc. He had no conception of any other mode of relief than that of the pool, and of no friendly aid save that of being helped in at the propitious moment. With a querulousness which might be excused in one whose life had been so steeped in disappointment, and so destitute of the comforts of the religion we enjoy, he complains that he is uncared for, neglected, and friendless. What a surprise awaits him!

Compare his case with that of the paralytic of Capernaum, whose friends in their zeal broke through the wall to get him to Jesus (Mk. ii). See also, Prov. xiv, 20; Deut. xxxii, 36; Ps. lxxii, 12; cxlii, 4; Rom. v, 6; 2 Cor. i, 9, 10.

Rise, etc.—a sovereign command, accompanied with supernatural power. No formal acknowledgment of faith in our Lord's ability was required, as a previous condition, in this instance. The man's obedience showed faith. Without questioning, without delay, he put forth the will to execute a seemingly impossible order, and the strength was supplied in the act of obedience (Matt. ix, 6; xii, 10, 13).

For a noble discourse on the topic of "Duty not Measured by our own Ability," see Bushnell's Sermons for the New Life, p. 364.

Took up his bed, etc. That the cure was prompt and perfect, the sequel shows. The cripple rose on his feet without help, stooped down, and lifted to his shoulder the rug or mattress on which he had lain so long, and, with no trembling in his limbs, with vigorous step, and form erect, walked forth from the sick porch, made whole from that moment. What a tumult of joy and amazement must have surged through his mind in that crisis hour! "Never," says Pressensé, "did the pool of Bethesda better merit its beautiful name of 'house of mercy' than on this day."

That an undoubted miracle was performed by Jesus in this case needs no demonstration. The instant and complete recovery of this impotent man cannot be explained by any known law or process of nature. We are compelled, if we accept the narrative, to ascribe this mighty work to a power transcending nature, and to believe that He who wrought it was Himself supernatural.

The Jews, therefore, etc. Those in authority are referred to, not the multitude. This use of the word is peculiar with St. John. See verses 16 and 18, in which (according to Meyer, Tholuck, and others) the Sanhedrists are meant.

"Fancy the long, hard faces of these puritans of the law, as they meet this man, with his couch thrown over his shoulder" (Sears).

It is not lawful, etc. They were right, according to the letter (Neh. xiii, 15-19; Ex. xxxi, 13-17; Jer. xvii, 21, 22), but wholly mistaken and narrow in their notions of the true spirit of Sabbath observance. On no institution had the Jewish Doctors exercised greater ingenuity in defining limitations, and prescribing what was lawful or unlawful, than on that of the Sabbath; and of none were they more jealous. They fenced it in with the most absurd and frivolous restrictions, thus converting a blessed and fruitful appointment into a barren and superstitious ceremony.

"Ultra-sabbatarianism was the very genius of the Pharisaic religion. In fighting for this they were verily fighting *pro aris, pro focis*" (Pressensé). "A man might carry a loaf of bread on the Sabbath, but two might not carry it between them. A nailed shoe might not be worn on the Sabbath, because it was a burden, but an un-nailed shoe might be worn." (Quoted from the Mishna by Farrar.) The present Jews of Palestine, degraded, deceitful, contemptible, still cling to their Sabbatarian superstitions.

He that made me whole, etc.—a wise answer, and perfectly conclusive.—

"The Healer, to whose word of power I owe my ability to walk, bade me carry my bed. Surely He had authority who could work such a miracle."

What man? etc. Mark the angry, contemptuous tone of this question: "Who had the audacity to bid you break the Sabbath in this way?" Little cared they at that moment for the miracle. Slaves to a frigid tradition, all sympathetic impulses were stifled in their indignant rage.

Wist not—knew not. Our English tongue will not forget its Saxon mother, so long as our English Bible stands.

Had conveyed Himself away, etc. Jesus spoke the word, and then passed into the crowd, unobserved, to avoid the demonstrations of the multitude.

He had reasons of His own for not working a "wholesale miracle," as He did sometimes in His Galilean ministry, when they brought to Him those afflicted with "divers diseases, and He healed them all." So quietly did He disappear that even the healed man had not time to recognize Him. Before he recovered from the thrilling sensations of restored vigor the Healer was gone.

Jesus findeth him, etc. The temple was a good place to be found in. His recovery had excited feelings of gratitude, and these could find suitable expression in the house of God. Possibly he came to "show himself to the priest, and offer the gift which Moses commanded" (Matt. viii, 4).

"Sis no mors," etc. Jesus was a true pastor. He had a purpose in finding and warning the man. The commentators generally agree that our Lord referred here to a particular sin, as having caused the particular disease from which he had been delivered.

Let a worse thing, etc., Lev. xxvi, 23, 24; Matt. xii, 45.

"Something worse than a thirty-eight years' infirmity" (Beugel). "An awful glimpse of the severity of God's judgments" (Trench). "A paralysis, from which no pool can restore, and no Saviour will deliver—the most terrible catastrophe of the soul's eternal history" (Whedon).

Told the Jews, etc. What his motive was, in thus reporting the name of his benefactor to the Jewish rulers, has been the subject of very diverse comment. He must have known how angry they were, and with what deadly hatred they would pursue the person who had ordered burden-carrying on the Sabbath, as soon as His name was discovered. His behavior, certainly, stands out in sharp contrast with that of the blind man in chapter ix.

Tholuck calls the man "stupid." Farrar describes him as "a mean and worthless scoundrel, an almost inconceivable compound of feeble egotism and base ingratitude." On the other hand Meyer says his motive was not malice (Schliermacher, Paulus), nor gratitude showing itself in a desire to get Jesus acknowledged by the Jews (Cyril, Chrysostom), nor obedience to the rulers (Bengel, Locke), but to declare that Jesus' authority was henceforth to be higher to him than that of the Sanhedrists, and he braves them with it.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, August 9.

1 Why did Jesus attend the feasts?

2 Why is verse 4 rejected as spurious?

3 Describe Bethesda.

4 What made the case of the impotent man especially deserving of pity?

5 What conversation took place between him and Jesus?

6 Describe the miracle.

7 What made the Jews angry?

8 What warning did the man receive?

9 How do you explain his telling the Jews the name of his benefactor?

The Family.

"COME QUICK, AND TAKE ME O'ER."

Were some of the last words of Mrs. Anna S. Allen, wife of Rev. John Allen, who died in Farmington, June 24th, 1875, aged 80 years and 5 months—which words suggested to a daughter, Mrs. Clementine E. Howes, the following lines:—

My feet are in the water;

I hear the boatman's oar;

I long to cross the river;

"Come quick, and take me o'er."

The shadows fall around me;

But on that distant shore

I see the golden sunshine;

"Come quick, and take me o'er."

The river swells and surges,

But above the dismal roar

I hear sweet strains of music;

"Come quick, and take me o'er."

But hark! I hear the voices

Of sweet ones 've gone before;

A soft refrain they're singing:

"We've come to take thee o'er."

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF LUTHER.

BY MRS. DR. CHRISTIE.

The warm rays of the early summer's sun had just begun to enliven the opening morn. Vale and field, city and village, were waking up to greet the new-born day, when, as the clock sounded the early hour of five, there floated through the air, in cadences full and strong, yet touchingly sweet, the glorious choral of the Reformation. Never had sounds of more exquisite harmony fallen on the ears of the listeners in the quiet street of the small German town of Wittenberg.

"Eine feste burg ist unser Gott," as it swelled forth from a choir of youthful, well-trained voices, made one almost believe that for the second time a multitude of the heavenly host had come to greet earth's sons with their angelic strains.

But on one ear these sounds fell with special interest; and this was on his who, in troublous times, when faith and hope were tried to the utmost, sixteen years before, had himself written those divinely inspired lines. As he now listened to the well-known strains of his own hymn, a smile of satisfaction passed over his furrowed countenance, and he murmured to himself, "some master-hand has been remodeling that hymn of mine."

Our readers need scarcely be told that it was the great reformer, Dr. Martin Luther, who was thus greeted by a band of devotedly attached youths on this, the morning of the 13th of June, 1537, the anniversary of their loved master's wedding-day. Nor was this all; it was a day which all Luther's friends had agreed to celebrate as a special feast of thanksgiving. Why? may many ask, who are not thoroughly conversant with the events of his life, and have forgotten, or have never read, that in the beginning of this year, when returning from Smalkald, he had been seized by illness so violent that all who loved him, and still more, who loved the cause of the Reformation, trembled at the prospect of losing him.

Much prayer had then been offered, and prayer had been heard. God had

been pleased to add a period of nine years to a life so invaluable to His Church on earth. During the time of danger, and through the weary weeks of convalescence, loving tokens of sympathy had poured in from far and near. Not only did Luther's princely patrons, the Elector of Saxony and the Princes of Anhalt, show sympathy, but the magistrates of Wittenberg sent him a barrel of the best Malvasian wine; the students of the University came in festive procession to welcome him back; and the first time he was able to re-enter his lecture-hall he found the whole college, especially his auditory and lecture-desk, covered with flowers and garlands. The neighboring town of Torgau had also sent him a tun of its best beer, which was, at that date, of high repute. Indeed, so filled were pantry and cellar by loving hands that Mrs. Catherine Luther and some of his nearest friends planned a public celebration of the coming anniversary of their wedding-day, keeping it a secret from Luther, to prepare for him whom they all so loved and honored a joyful surprise.

The church clock, as we have already said, had barely struck the hour of five when the strains of glorious music began the celebration of the festive day. Yet, early as it was, still earlier was Luther in his study, for he usually rose at four, and in the quiet hour of dawn began his day's work by reading a psalm from his Psalter. On this particular morning, in consideration of the many dangers which surrounded the Church, he read the 10th Psalm, with deep devotion, and then, as was his wont, went to the window, and, looking up, commended the cause to which his life was dedicated to the care and guardianship of God.

It was while thus engaged that the notes of greeting fell on his ear. He listened with delight, and when the choral strain had died away he went out to offer his heartfelt thanks to the singers. They consisted mostly of poor students, who found in his house an ever-open home. For this festive occasion they had written to ask the presence and help of the kapellmeister, John Walther of Torgau, whose talent had framed the artistic harmony of the choral which so delighted Luther's musical ear.

Ranged with the singers, his whole household stood before him, in festive array—his beloved wife Katie, his faithful servant Wolfgang, and the nurse Lehne, with her troop of children (John, who was then eleven, Magdalene eight, Martin six, Paul four, and Margaret three years old). They surrounded him with loving greetings, and the little ones would not rest till he had taken each on his arm and kissed them. Mrs. Catherine then invited the singers to accompany the family to the breakfast table, but little Magdalene asked that her papa would first give them their lesson in the catechism, for that, said she, is the happiest time in the whole day. We must not, therefore, miss it to-day, for we have just come to "the life everlasting," and papa can tell us such beautiful things about that. The happy father consented, and begged the whole party to seat themselves whilst he, as usual, decanted a sentence of the catechism with his children.

It was Luther's pride and joy to help in winning children's hearts to love and understand the simple truths of the Gospel. He wrote thus to John, Duke of Saxony: "Our youths and maidens grow up now so well grounded in Scripture and catechism that my heart rejoices when I see how even children of most tender years pray more, and speak more of God and Christ than all monks, nuns, and scholars ever did, and yet do, or can do. I, though I am an old doctor of theology, do not yet rightly understand the Ten Commandments, the Creed, or the Lord's Prayer; I can never over-study or fully outlearn them; but I learn daily from them, and study the Bible every morning with my daughter Magdalene and my son John."

Thus he began this holy day, each child in succession repeating a portion, and the father explaining one piece after another in his own striking manner. They had come, as Magdalene said, to the words "and the life everlasting."

"Yes, dear children," said Luther, "when Christ shall order the trumpet to be sounded we shall all start and arise as the flies, which lie dead during the winter, revive and begin to fly when the warm spring sun shines again; as also some species of birds, such as the swallow and the cuckoo, which lie during the winter in clefts of rocks, or in hollow places near water, and towards spring arise to new life. In fact, everything must return to life, for it is written, 'behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

"Then there will be nothing but joy and delight, for heaven and earth will be renewed, and this world of ours will no longer be a dry, unfruitful land. Flowers, foliage, and grass will be brought and beautiful as emeralds, and all creatures will be the perfection of beauty."

"And in the new heaven there will be a great and everlasting light, brighter than the sun at mid-day. What we now wish to be, that we shall there become. Where our thoughts now are, there our bodies will then be also. Light as a feather, they will be able instantly to obey our will. Our eyes will sparkle like fine silver. These limbs will be transfigured. With these eyes we shall behold our Lord Jesus Christ, and fold these hands in adoration before Him. The light of His countenance will shine upon us more beautifully than our earthly sun."

There we shall live together most happily, hold pleasant converse, and sing the most glorious hymns to God's honor, with the angels."

"Father," asked his little daughter, Magdalene, "we believe in the resurrection of the body. Will the birds and other animals be there too?"

"Certainly, my child. You must not think that heaven and earth will only be air and sound. Everything else will be there—sheep, oxen, cows and pigs, without which earth cannot be."

Little Martin, meanwhile, weary of sitting still, had slipped off his chair to the ground, and was playing with his little dog. "Father," he asked, "will Sharp be with us again?"

"Yes, my Martin; God will create new dogs, whose coats will be golden, and their hairs precious stones. And no animal will destroy or devour others, as the wild beasts do now, because they partake of the corruption of man's sin. There they will be no longer hurtful, but be joyous, happy creatures, whom we shall love to play with. Oh! what will that life everlasting be! what joys shall we then have! Although I am sure that it is given us, and prepared for us by Christ, it will then first be made manifest to us. That will be such joy that eating and drinking, sleeping, and everything else that we here need for the nourishing and strengthening of our bodies will pass away. What will it be to see God, face to face?"

"But, father," said the thoughtful Hans, "I cannot imagine how we shall pass our time in eternity."

"True," said Luther. "I often think about it, and I cannot fully understand it, for there will be no changes there—no labor, neither eating nor drinking. But I believe we shall have so much to behold that we shall not know how time passes."

Magister Francis, the boy's tutor, remarked, "my dear Hans, I once spoke with Dr. Philip [Melancthon] on this subject, and he pointed me to the verse in John the fourteenth, in which the disciple Philip says, 'Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' He will be the lovely object which will give us occupation enough."

"That is well said," rejoined Luther. "Philip is right, as usual. I once read a story of a pious monk, who went out early in the morning to pray, and in the forest heard a bird singing more beautifully than any creature he had ever heard before. Enchanted by the music, he could not leave the forest, but continued listening, till, thinking that an hour had probably passed, and it was time for matins, he turned homeward. When he had left the forest the country seemed strange to him; everything, even his monastery was changed; and when he reached the entrance gate a different porter opened it. While in the chapel he saw only unknown faces, and the very language seemed foreign."

"He was amazed, and began to inquire the reason of these things, but no one knew him. One of the oldest monks, however, remembered that in his youth he had heard of a brother who had wandered away and never returned. Then the truth came out. He had been over a hundred years in the forest, listening to the bird, and had seemed to him but as one short hour. Thus will it be," added Luther, "in heaven; we shall have so much to hear, to see, and to learn, that a hundred years will slip past, as a moment."

"Now, my dear children, we will pray, and then go to breakfast, for it will soon be time for me to get ready for my lecture."

And, having thus ended the morning's devotion, Luther invited the band of singers to share his frugal meal; and breakfast being finished, amid cheerful conversation he and his family set forth to the large lecture hall, where he had for several years past explained the book of Genesis to the students.

[To be continued.]

This is the German title for a person bearing the office of secretary, but who at the same time has to make himself useful in a variety of ways, official and domestic. In Luther's house this post was always held by a poor student.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

THE TWO CUBS.

DEAR CHILDREN:—Of course you have all read, or heard, of that wonderful tale of "The Three Bears," the pictures of which adorn the pages of most every picture-book. But now I am going to tell you something more "wonderful" than that.

My Uncle was once strolling through the woods, when he unexpectedly came across an old bear, laying down by a tree, with its two cubs. What curious little roly-poly things they were! My Uncle thought, if he could just get one of the young bears away from his mother, he would take it home, feed, and tame it. But how to do this, without being in danger of being attacked by her, was the perplexing question. Presently the thought of a plan; and that was to shoot the mother, as she would be very likely to attack the children when in the woods, and possibly do them serious harm.

So he started for home, to get his gun, and came back, got behind a big tree, and aimed his gun straight at the big bear, and instantly killed it. Uncle John then picked up both of the cubs, for he thought it would be doing wrong to leave the other there alone, to starve, with no one to procure food for it. Putting

one under each arm, he proceeded homeward. When he reached there all of his little nephews and nieces were eager to know "what that was."

"Oh, it's a monkey!" exclaimed Charlie, seizing its tail, to see if it looked like a monkey's.

"No, it's a little black guinea-pig!" cried master Willie, also examining the same, ignorant of the fact that that animal did not have that addition to its body.

"Neither of you are right," exclaimed Uncle Jon, as he proceeded to make a box, in which to put them; "they are two young bears, that I found in the woods." Uncle John made a neat box for them both, with a big hole in the top, with wires across it, gave them some milk, and put them where the children could see them eat. Every day they seemed to grow bigger, till Uncle had to make a larger and stronger box for them, and at last gave them a little room in the big barn.

After a while they weren't so tame, but were as savage as wild beasts, so much so that when Uncle John went in there to feed them, one morning, they both jumped upon him, bit him, and would very likely have destroyed him, but for an axe that he always kept overhead for such a purpose, which he seized, and striking each one successively, killed them both. The children were very sorry when they heard of this; but when their Uncle related to them his narrow escape from their jaws, they were glad they had been destroyed, for, said Willie, "they might have gotten out, and tried to eat us up too," which is all very true.

I wonder if any of our readers can tell why these bear cubs are like bad habits?

S. M. L. W.

SUNDAY.

"The trees are all asleep, mama!"

Said little Ada C,

As, turning from the window,

She look'd wondrously at me.

"The morn is bright, and beautiful;

I hear a birdie's song;

But not a leaf is stirring yet!

What makes them sleep so long?

"I know! it's Sunday morning;

That's why so still they keep.

Do they grow all night, mama?

Do they early go to sleep?

Because, you know, the other night,

Mama, you told me so—

That if I early went to bed

"I would surely make me grow."

"I think they grow the better, dear,

When they are calm and still;

The trees and all the pretty flowers

Are subject to God's will;

I think we very soon shall see

He'll send a gentle breeze;

And when they hear His still small voice

"T will waken up the trees."

PRESIDENT PUNSHON.

In a very interesting editorial letter in a late *Christian Advocate*, Dr. Curry gives the following very warm description of the public services of Dr. Punshon at the late Irish Wesleyan Conference:—

"On Thursday came the Conference sermon by the President, in the Donegal Square church, which was thoroughly packed for the occasion. On Sabbath afternoon Dr. Punshon preached in Ulster Hall, to over three thousand, an able and forcibly delivered sermon, but less sparkling than some

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

I wonder if the dwellers at the seaside ever think of the poor on a hot day away from Washington; for Washington, although the capital of our nation, has many hundreds of families who profess to belong to the first circle, who from necessity stay at home, shut out from doors and blinds, and living secluded during the summer solstice and the raging of the dog-star.

How unreal are the lives of many persons! What a large amount of joy and sorrow exists only in imagination! Now Washington, notwithstanding the fashionable summer hegira, is one of the most delightful of summer residences. The numerous public squares, triangular reservations, parks, streets, Smithsonian grounds with luxuriant trees, east and west capitol grounds, the Treasury with its many flower-beds, all combine to give the impression that country and city are beautifully blended. Then the lovely carriage drives, to the Soldiers' Home and Georgetown Heights, the great falls of the Potomac and Arlington Heights; from Capitol Hill the most delightful views across the Eastern Branch into Maryland, across the Western Branch into Virginia; the blue Potomac, rolling off to the sea; boats and vessels coming and going; the rippling tide with its constant ebb and flow; and last, though not least, the refreshing southern breeze, as it comes laden with coolness from the bay and ocean.

There is considerable excitement now in government circles. The *New Treasurer* comes in, and old employees go out; cabinet changes are talked about; rumor is rife; and thus the world moves, and the wheels of State still revolve. The presidential epidemic is gently making its appearance; the Centennial is approaching; and thus we all glide down the stream of time.

The meeting of which I spoke in my last still continues at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church. Notwithstanding the warm weather, every Thursday a goodly number of sisters believing in the higher Christian life meet in the parlors of the church, and hold sweet communion with each other and with our dear Saviour. The Lord is with us, and rich showers of grace refresh our hearts. At my mother's knee I learned to love the Saviour, and have long tried to serve Him, and to do good to mankind; and yet I could not understand this extreme higher life; I did not believe in it. But at our recent meetings the scales fell from my eyes, and the glorious splendors of the noonday Sun of Righteousness shone on my heart. Oh, the heights and depths of redeeming love! How far beneath their high privileges do many Christians live. When the human heart is fully filled with love to God and man there is no room left for sorrow or for sin; labor seems delight, and pain becomes pleasure; enemies become friends; the cross so light that its weight is no longer felt; life is a continual oasis in the wilderness; and hourly the soul is fed with heavenly manna. Is not this a foretaste of the stream that makes glad the city of God? Our camp-meeting commences on the 4th of August next. The different Churches are now holding camp-meeting prayer-meetings. The Spirit of the Lord is moving powerfully in our city. Great good has already been accomplished, and still we look for greater works than these. "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul; and all that is within me, praise His holy name." L. E. D.

LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

MR. EDITOR:—I am interested your large constituency of intellectual and cultured readers to peruse a few lines of gossip from a member of the New York and New England tour, now en route for California. Gathering at New York on Thursday morning at 6.35 A. M., the party, numbering sixty-one (to be increased, at various points on the route, to seventy-five), left in a special train, provided by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, for this point. The liberality of this arrangement was shown by the three elegant Pullman cars, also a spacious dining car, provided with a table of its entire length, supplied with an appetizing lunch for the party. The speed at which the company were transported over a large portion of the road exceeded 40 miles per hour. The utmost attention was given by superintendents of different divisions, who for a time accompanied the party, and engaged their attention by designating objects of special interest, and describing the methods by which the road is run, to secure the utmost safety, while passing through scenery of surpassing grandeur and beauty. Resolutions expressing the thanks of the party, signed by every member, were forwarded to the Railroad authorities from this place.

Our company represents all shades of religious opinion. Ladies and gentlemen representing various departments of science, agriculture, education and religion are here, and many whose names are familiar to your readers, among whom are Rev. Professors Townsend of Boston Theological Seminary, and Harrington of the Wesleyan University at Middletown.

I must pass over any attempt to describe what is so familiar to your readers, the delightful views afforded to the traveler by this route to Chicago, and say a word in relation to this wonderful city. Your correspondent was here in 1871, three days previous to the conflagration, and returned to it in season to witness the last throes of that mighty agony which well might be termed in blotting it from the face of the earth. Standing at that time on the corner of Congress Street and Wabash Avenue, as far as the eye could reach to the North and West all was desolation. The supply of water having been cut off, elegant private and public carriages, as well as other vehicles, were employed in bringing in telegraph wires, debris of fallen and falling buildings filled every avenue; and of all hopeless prospects of there ever being another Chicago this seemed the most forlorn. After less than four years of work, such as it is believed, was never equalled on the face of the earth, what do we behold? Two-thirds of this territory is again occupied by edifices, of size, beauty, and strength so far

surpassing those destroyed as to make it difficult for the oldest residents to believe their own eyes.

Among the edifices reared (and Eastern capital, Boston in particular, has mainly been instrumental in accomplishing it, thus far), the finest is the famous hotel at which the party is staying—the Palmer House, of prodigious dimensions, containing nearly 7000 rooms, all fire-proof, and furnished with a lavish expenditure of more than a million of dollars, the entire cost of building and furnishing exceeding half a million. This hotel must, under its present management, continue to receive the largest patronage of the many first class hotels of Chicago. Chicago, July 8, 1875.

Obituaries.

REV. PAUL C. RICHMOND. — The death of Brother Richmond has already been announced in the *HERALD*, but it is not fitting that one so long in the service of God, and so honored by the Church, should pass away without a more extended notice.

PAUL CHAPMAN RICHMOND was born at Barnard, Windsor Co., Vt., July 27, 1798. His parents were respectable and upright, but not professing Christians. His father was a farmer, to which occupation the son devoted his youth until called by the Lord to another work. His early intellectual culture was in the common school; and so faithfully and industriously did he improve his opportunities that he obtained a very good education for the times. He studied outside the school hours, so that he was able to go beyond the curriculum usually presented in the district school, for he became a very excellent mathematician, and also, I think, gained some knowledge of Latin. He was a respectful, young man, regular and industrious in his habits, but at the same time possessing a large share of mirthfulness and buoyancy of spirits; so that he was remarkably companionable, and the center of influence among his youthful associates. While he passed his youth, indifferent to the great subject of personal salvation.

His early religious training, such as he had, was in another denomination; but it pleased divine Providence to bring him under Methodist influence. In 1822 Rev. John Lord was appointed to Barnard Circuit. He was in the school a giant, possessing just those characteristics which would naturally attract young Richmond. There was soon an interest among the people, and men began to seek the Lord. The subject of our notice attended the meetings, and with a special interest in the subject, nay, really for sport, he agreed with one of his associates to rise for prayers on the next evening. Accordingly, when the invitation was given he arose. But what was sport, at first, became a sober reality. He was powerfully awakened, and soon after happily converted. This occurred Sept. 20, 1822. His whole life was now changed. He commenced at once to work for God. He was very active and successful. His parents and most of his brothers and sisters were converted through his instrumentality. He did not continue long in this work before he began to feel that God had called him to a more extended field of usefulness. The "woe" was upon him.

He struggled against this call for a while, but at last yielded, and April 19, 1825, he received a license as an exhorter, and in the following March (1826), at the Quarterly Conference held at Montpelier, Vt. (Wilbur Fisk, P. E.), he was licensed to preach, and recommended for admission to the Conference. At the session of the New England Conference held at Wilburham, Mass., June 7, 1826, he was, with twenty-two others, received on trial. The numbers joining the Conference in those days were large. Young men were powerfully converted, and when God called him into his work they felt that they must at once obey. Their theological seminary was the large Circuit; their study was the saddle, on horseback or under some tree; their library, the Bible, Hymn-book, Discipline, and nature; their recreation-rooms, the kitchen, the school-house, and often the log cabin; their theological professors, the Presiding Elder and their elder brethren; their seasons of extra discipline and development were the Quarterly and camp-meetings. From this school Brother R. graduated with honor, and his life showed that he was worthy of his diploma.

The following are the appointments he filled during his active ministry: In 1826, Newbury; '27, Fort St. Johnsbury. These were all large Circuits in Vermont. In 1829 he and his spiritual father, and life-long friend, John Lord, were transferred to the Maine Conference. Brother R. was appointed Presiding Elder of Portland District, and Brother R. was appointed to Eliot, having for his colleagues Justin Spaulding and John W. Atkins. This Circuit at that time embraced a large territory. In 1830 he was appointed to South Berwick, which the year before was a part of Eliot Charge; '31, Kent's Hill; '32, Scarborough; '33, '34, York; '35, Durham; '36, '37, Gray; '38, '39, again at South Berwick. In 1840 a new Presiding Elder's District was formed, named "Waterford District," and he was appointed Presiding Elder. The next year, the experiment of seven Districts in the Conference not proving every way satisfactory, Waterford District was discontinued, and Brother R. was appointed to Saco, and returned in '42; '43, '44, Cornish; '45, Cumberland; '46, Alfred; '47, Bath; '48, South Berwick again; '49, again at Saco; '50, '51, again at Cornish; '52, '53, Fryeburg; '54, Saccarappa.

In all these appointments he was very useful; in some he was blessed with great success; and in every one his memory is sweetly cherished by the few that remain this side; but oh, how many have met him on the other side, and are praising God with him on the banks of deliverance! In 1855 he became so broken down by his excessive labors that he was obliged to take a superannuated relation, which was continued until he was called home.

In September, 1851, he was married to Miss Abigail Edwards, of Gorham, Me. She was lady of rare merit, and every way qualified to fill the responsible station she was called to fill. In all the trials and labors of the itinerancy, the responsibilities of the work, during the twenty years, nearly, of his superannuation she shared cheerfully and lovingly his trials, and greatly contributed to alleviate the burdens of that most undesirable condition in the life of a Methodist itinerant. She now mourns in loneliness her great loss. She has the sympathies and prayers of the Church.

After his superannuation Brother R.

removed to a pleasant little home he and his friends provided in Fryeburg, where, while still able, he was of great service in preaching the Gospel, as he had ability, in the vicinity of his home, and where his memory is dearly cherished. During the latter years of his life he spent his summers at Fryeburg, and his winters with his daughter in Portland, Me., with her excellent husband (Dr. Weeks), did all in their power to make his life happy. During the last few years Brother R. has been very feeble, and especially so during the last winter. When the Spring came he returned to his Fryeburg home. His son-in-law, the Doctor, tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but he felt that he must go. Perhaps he had a conviction that he was near his end, and desired to die in his beautiful rural home. If this was so, his wish was granted, for, some three days after he reached his house, he quietly passed to his home in heaven.

So silently and easily did his Father take him that his wife, who was lying by his side, did not know of the change until he had ceased to breathe. Although he was not privileged to send back the shout of triumph as he entered the grave, yet his life was one continued triumph. The day before he died in a letter written by Sister R. to the Portland friends, he with a feeble hand wrote the following: "God bless you, one and all! I am very feeble; my pulse to-day has been from 100 to 120. Thank God, all is well, whether life or death. God's will be done. I am a father; kind and steadfast as a friend. His whole Christian life was one of hope, purity, peace; his death was hopeful and triumphant. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'" E. A. SMITH.

Ipswich, Mass., July 13, 1875.

that for him "to live was Christ, but to die was to gain a crown."

Died, at East Rutherford, Me., June 18, 1875, Wm. W. B. BROWN, aged 70 years. Brother B. had been for many years an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and much of the time an official member. It had been his earnest desire to faithfully perform the duties of a Christian in life, and he looked upon death as the call of the Master from labor to rest in Christ.

Geo. Briggs, Rutherford, July 6, 1875.

Died, in Vineland, N. J., May 15, 1875, CARLOS L. BUSWELL, aged 69 years and 4 months. Brother R. was converted in Bradford, Vt., in 1835, and united with the Congregational Church in that place. Soon after he moved to Lebanon, N. H., where he united by letter with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1867 he removed to Vineland, N. J., where he resided at the time of his death. He was a faithful, consistent Christian. In all the official relations that he sustained to the Church, and Sunday-school he discharged his duty conscientiously and with great fidelity. His hand was always open when the Church called for financial aid, either in her local interests or in the more general interests of her benevolent institutions. In social life he was considerate, true, and faithful as a husband, wise and affectionate as a father; kind and steadfast as a friend. His whole Christian life was one of hope, purity, peace; his death was hopeful and triumphant. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." E. A. SMITH.

Ipswich, Mass., July 13, 1875.

A WALKING ADVERTISEMENT.

LIMESTONE SPRINGS, S. C.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I am a walking advertisement for your Golden Medical Discovery, Purgative Pellets and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, they having cured me of Catarrh of nine years' standing, which was so bad that it disfigured my nose, and while curing it, your medicines also cured me of Asthma in its worst and most aggravated form. Before using your medicines I had become reduced in flesh from one hundred and fifty-five to one hundred and fifteen pounds, and I now weigh one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and am a better health than I have enjoyed for twenty years.

Yours truly,

J. L. LUMSDEN.

The above is but a fair sample of hundreds of letters which are received by Dr. Pierce, and in the face of such evidence who can longer doubt that the Doctor's medicines cure the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh.

The Great Favorite with the Ladies.

Wm. Forsyth Bynum & Son, druggists, of Live Oak, Fla., write, Sept. 10th, 1874, as follows: "Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Golden Medical Discovery, and Purgative Pellets sell very largely, and give complete satisfaction, as numbers of our customers and friends testify with pleasure. Your Favorite Prescription is indeed the great Favorite with the ladies, and numbers can say with joy that it has saved them from eking out a miserable life or meeting with premature death, and restored them to health and happiness."

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first made known to them. A single bottle often gives delicate and suffering women more relief than months of treatment from their family physician. In all those derangements causing back-ache, dragging down, nervousness, and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from internal fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, and its strengthening effects tend to correct displacements of internal parts, the result of weakness of natural supports. It is sold by all druggists.

Dr. PIERCE's pamphlet on Diseases peculiar to Women will be sent to any address on receipt of two stamps. Address as above.

DR. E. D. SPEAR,

So Much Celebrated for his Remarkable Cures.

(From Zion's Herald, of April 15.)

One year ago last June I was taken with hemorrhage from the lungs. I was so prostrated that I was obliged to keep my bed for weeks. Three or four times I was on the verge of death, but I was restored to health by Dr. E. D. Spear's medicine. I went to his office in New Hampshire and spent a few weeks, but did not improve any. I returned home to Lynn, Mass., where I found my wife and children, and they told me that Dr. E. D. Spear had been to Lynn, and that he had cured many cases of hemorrhage from the lungs. I was willing to try it, and I was cured. I was so much cured that I was able to go to work again. I was so much cured that I was able to go to work again. I was so much cured that I was able to go to work again.

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Brain Exhaustion.

Mr. JAMES L. PYLE, JR., ST. JOHN, N. B.
SIR: Having, without exception, been generally examined your prescriptions, and the method of preparing your Compound Syrup, I feel anxious to give a fair trial in my practice. For the last twelve months I have done so, and I find that it is a most valuable remedy in all cases of Brain Exhaustion, and in all cases of the Throat and Lungs, it has done wonders. In restoring persons suffering from the effects of Disipation, and the consequent Tremor, Palsy, and other prevalent in this region, it is the best remedy I have ever used. But for persons suffering from exhaustion of the powers of the brain and nervous system, from long continued study or teaching, or in those cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine for restoration to health than your Compound Syrup.

If you think this letter of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you see fit.
EDWIN CLAY, M.D.
PCOWASH, N. S., January 14, 1868. 118

Money Letters from July 13 to 19.

D. Bradbury, J. B. Baker, S. A. Currie, J. Capen, A. R. Drexler, W. O. Ferguson, A. F. Hervey, C. L. Harwood, W. C. Kellogg, J. H. Powers, Wm. Paul, S. M. Pettit, J. W. Plummer, F. W. Smith, J. Winch, W. T. Whitcomb, S. Watson.

From July 19 to 26.
F. Bolton, J. Colby, J. French, J. Daugherty, F. Parham, E. M. Fowler, J. G. Griggs, M. J. Littlefield, R. M. Mitchell, M. J. Parker, H. A. Spencer, F. O. Tanner, E. H. Threlkeld.

Acknowledgments.

I wish to acknowledge, through the HERALD, the gift of a beautiful cabinet organ, sent to the Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Puebla, Mexico, by the manufacturer, Brother H. Reynolds, of Brockton, Mass. The organ is a beautiful specimen of good and perfect gift has already received the thanks of more than one heart, and I am sure that it is a blessing to the church. I wish to acknowledge the gift of a beautiful cabinet organ, sent to the Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Puebla, Mexico, by the manufacturer, Brother H. Reynolds, of Brockton, Mass. The organ is a beautiful specimen of good and perfect gift has already received the thanks of more than one heart, and I am sure that it is a blessing to the church.

CAUTION!—In our changeable climate, coughs, colds, and diseases of the throat, lungs and chest will always prevail. Consumption will claim its victims. These diseases, if attended to in time, can be arrested and cured. The remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.

Stop consumption,—that dread scourge,—and permanently cure all diseases of the throat and lungs by the use of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Old Orchard Camp-meeting (Nathaniel) begins Aug. 10
Yarmouth Camp-meeting begins Aug. 10
St. Francis Camp-meeting begins Aug. 10
Maine State Camp-meeting, Richmond, Aug. 12-20
Northampton Camp-meeting begins Aug. 16
National Temperance Camp-meeting, at Old Orchard Beach, begins Aug. 17
Hudson Camp-meeting begins Aug. 17
Hudson Camp-meeting begins Aug. 17
Merrillville (Vt.) Camp-meeting begins Aug. 17
South Framingham Camp-meeting, for the Promotion of Holiness (a second meeting), begins Aug. 17
Hedding Camp-meeting, E. Epping, begins Aug. 20
Williamstown Camp-meeting begins Aug. 20
North Amherst Camp-meeting begins Aug. 20
Lyndon (Vt.) Camp-meeting begins Aug. 20
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting begins Aug. 20
Glenview (Vt.) Camp-meeting begins Aug. 20-28
Sterling Junction Camp-meeting begins Aug. 20
Clarendon Junction Union Camp-meeting, Aug. 24
Martha's Grove (Fryeburg) Camp-meeting, Aug. 25
Lake Winnepesaukee Camp-meeting, Aug. 25-28
Wells, N. H., Aug. 25-28
East Machias Camp-meeting begins Aug. 30
Central Vt. Camp-meeting (Northfield), Aug. 31
Albany (Vt.) Camp-meeting begins Aug. 31
White Mountain Camp-meeting, at Northumberland, N. H., Sept. 6-11
Rockland (Vt.) Camp-meeting, Nobleboro, Sept. 6
East Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 31
Portland District Camp-meeting, at Old Orchard Beach, begins Sept. 6
North Castine (Me.) Camp-meeting begins Sept. 6
Winnet (N. H.) Camp-meeting begins Sept. 6
Charleston Camp-meeting begins Sept. 6

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

SPRINGFIELD (Vt.) District—Second Quarter, Aug. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 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